

Sports Illustrated

MARCH 24, 1969 30 CENTS

CHALLENGERS IN THE WEST

ATLANTA'S RICHIE GUERIN

SAN FRANCISCO'S JEFF MULLINS



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Next week

THE SUMMIT in the person of Lew Alcindor comes to Louisville. Joe Jares reports on college basketball's last try to contain the big man and the Uplands as the NCAA's final round.

SENCH IS THE NAME and the one thing Johnny seldom does is sit on it. Roy Mount Jr. examines the busy and neatly ordered ways of Cincinnati's catcher and latest bright star.

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A black and white photograph of a man, Joe, in a shoemaker's workshop. He is wearing a green short-sleeved shirt and is leaning over a workbench. He is holding a pair of scissors in his right hand and a piece of leather in his left. The workshop is filled with various tools, leather scraps, and finished shoes. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights and deep shadows.

Joe, how come you never swallow the nails?

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But don't knock what

you do, Joe. Guys who can push a pencil around and talk on the phone all day are a dime a dozen.

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SCORECARD

WAY UP YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS

Plans for a New Orleans domed stadium have collapsed. Judge Oliver Carrere has ruled that the stadium's lease agreement with the state is "illegal and unconstitutional," a decision that may have been influenced by the staggering cost of the project. When Louisiana voters approved the dome idea in 1966, the estimated cost was \$35 million, a wad in itself. By the time things got to the go-ahead stage, the estimate had soared to \$93.5 million, with overall costs, including interest and amortization over a 25-year period, totaling \$231 million, or an imposing \$6.6 million a year.

Theoretically, a new hotel-motel tax and income from stadium events would take care of the \$6.6 million, but financial advisors cautioned that projected earnings frequently are not realized. The state, meaning the taxpayers, would have to make up any shortage. Opposition to the dome began to grow.

Judge Carrere's ruling is being appealed to the State Supreme Court. If the ruling is upheld, it is hard to see how plans for the domed stadium can ever be revived.

HIG STEP FORWARD

Pre-race testing of horses (SCORECARD, Feb. 10), which has been conducted on an experimental basis in Ohio for the past three years, was made mandatory last week by the Ohio Racing Commission, although for the time being testing will be done only at Scioto Downs and Northfield Park, two harness racing tracks where facilities are available. Blood samples of all entries in each race will be examined and any animal showing a positive reaction will be scratched. While post-race urine tests will continue to be made on winners and certain other starters, the pre-race tests should all but eliminate drugging scandals.

One problem remains. Standardbreds—harness horses—have undergone most of the actual pre-race testing. Some train-

ers—and particularly those handling Thoroughbreds—argue that their animals are too high-strung to be subjected to the ordeal of having a blood sample taken before a race. But is the careful, scientific extraction of a small sample of blood from the animal's neck really that upsetting? To put it another way, would it be more disturbing to the horse than the Dancer's Image case has been to American racing?

MUMS THE WORD

If you are a football fan and are from Nebraska and like gardening, here is a three-way parlay that sounds like a natural for you: the 1969 spring catalog of the Rocknoll Nursery in Morrow, Ohio is pushing a selection of chrysanthemums called "football mums" that includes varieties named Cheerleader, Cornhusker, Head Coach, Line Coach, Quarterback, Stadium Queen and Nebraska Centennial. Our favorite is Head Coach, described in the catalog as "early deep authoritative purple."

POE FISH

In recent years the state of Washington's Department of Fisheries has required salmon sports fishermen to carry punch cards on which to record their catches. It is not a licensing procedure but simply an effort to obtain a valid count of the number of salmon taken each year by sportsmen.

The cards on the 1968 catch are all in, and the fisheries biologists have again learned a lot—not so much about salmon as about the fishermen. Some of the lucky anglers sent in copies of well-punched cards with notations like: "Would appreciate it if you would accept this facsimile of my salmon card. I'm having the original framed."

More pungent comments have come from the losers. One unpunched card had written on it a checked-off grocery list with the notation: "This is what we ate instead of the fish we didn't catch."

A disgruntled sportsman drew a red arrow to the single punch on his card and wrote, "This little hole cost me \$17.50. Who says there is no legalized gambling in Washington?" Another fisherman scribbled, "Total cost of 10 pounds of salmon: \$150. The Russians have got all the fish." One asked the Department of Fisheries, plaintively, "Can you recommend where I should fish? I'd really like to punch these holes."

And one wrote, simply, "Quoth the raven, 'Nevermore.'"

HOOPLA

Don't know where Philadelphia got the reputation for being so quiet. Now there is a contretemps going on in that town over the promotional devices being used at 76er basketball games. Pat Williams, business manager and director of promotion, has come up with things like Blind Date Night, Victor the Rascal's Bear Night, Wally Jones Valentine Birthday Party Night, Earl the Pearl Night and Think Mink Night.



"It stinks," sneers Eddie Gottlieb, the onetime mahatma of pro basketball in Philadelphia. "The whole thing stinks. This stuff isn't necessary. An occasional promotion is O.K. But a doubleheader plus bears, plus alligators? Who needs it?"

One promotion—Blind Date Night—bombed; 60 single people bought tickets to sit in a special section, but only

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

four were girls. Undaunted, Williams countered with Victor, who was billed as "the kind of rebounder the 76ers need." Victor—6 feet, 500 pounds—wrestled six volunteers and beat five. When Earl Monroe played at the Spectrum, Williams gave every lady in the crowd a pearl necklace. On Think Mink Night, he gave away a mink coat. Richie Allen, the Phillies' slugger, appeared with his swinging group, the Ebonistics. A week's vacation in Florida was given away, a new car, a color TV.

"Look, don't get me wrong," says Williams. "I'm not a booking agent for wrestling bears. But it's like the lady who buys meat at the butcher's, and the butcher tosses in a bone for her dog. She's going to go back to that butcher."

Gottlieb is unimpressed. "You take the history of any sport," he argues. "You'll find winners can draw without this stuff, and losers can't draw with it. He'll tell me it helped Bill Veeck. Well, it didn't help Veeck enough to keep that team in St. Louis. There's no substitute for winning."

Williams, a Pat Boone type who came to the 76ers from Spartanburg, S.C., says, "They told me this stuff was corny, that it would never work in Philadelphia. Well, to me the most beautiful sound in an arena, next to people cheering for the home team, is laughter. This whole thing is designed to make 76er fans happy. When people are rolling in the aisles at the bear and applauding Richie Allen, I get a lump in my throat."

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING???

The U.S. and the Soviet Union may meet in truck and field again this year. Their annual dual meet, which began in 1958, was abruptly terminated in 1966 when the U.S.S.R. pulled out because of "American aggression in Vietnam." That year a hastily prepared competition between the U.S. and the British Commonwealth was thrown together as a substitute, and it has become an annual affair. The Russians have indicated that they would like to take part in this year's U.S.-Commonwealth encounter, which is scheduled for July in the Los Angeles Coliseum.

The Russian bid has created some interesting complexities. The *Los Angeles Times*, which heretofore has sponsored the meets, took a \$200,000 bath in 1966 when the U.S.S.R. reneged. The Russians supposedly promised to give the

Times a consoling \$100,000, but no payment has been forthcoming. When the Times heard that the fickle Russians wanted in again this year, the paper, snatching its hand away like the one-burned child, announced it was withdrawing as sponsor.

Into the breach leaped a group called the Los Angeles 1976 Olympic Committee, which is trying to obtain the Olympic Games for Southern California. Unworried by the on-again-off-again Russians, the 1976 committee eagerly grabbed the opportunity to run a big international meet in Los Angeles, figuring that it could only help its chances of getting the Olympics.

Not quite so starry-eyed is CBS, which will televise the competition. CBS says it will pay \$15,000 for TV rights if the Russians appear. If they don't, the ante drops to \$55,000.

All clear? And the State Department thinks it has troubles.

NEW LOOK IN ODDS

According to Jimmy the Greek, the Las Vegas oddsmaker, the St. Louis Cardinals and the San Francisco Giants will play off for the National League pennant next fall, while in the American League the Detroit Tigers will meet—guess who?—the Oakland Athletics!

Odds for all clubs are:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

WEST		EAST	
SAN FRANCISCO	6-5	ST. LOUIS	2-5
LOS ANGELES	5-2	CHICAGO	3-1
ATLANTA	3-4	PITTSBURGH	4-1
CINCINNATI	3-4	PHILADELPHIA	6-1
HOUSTON	100-1	NEW YORK	25-1
SAN DIEGO	300-1	MONTREAL	300-1

AMERICAN LEAGUE

WEST		EAST	
OAKLAND	2-1	DETROIT	5-2
CALIFORNIA	3-1	BALTIMORE	3-1
CHICAGO	3-1	CLEVELAND	3-1
MINNESOTA	3-1	BOSTON	7-2
KANSAS CITY	200-1	NEW YORK	10-1
SEATTLE	200-1	WASHINGTON	200-1

NONSTUDENT ATHLETES

Allen Brenner, captain of Michigan State's football team, was honored at a dinner in Cincinnati for his prowess as athlete and scholar (a 3.7 average in pre-law). In his acceptance speech, Brenner bowed over his audience with the following comments:

"Playing college football is becoming

a delusion. It takes too much of your time. There are fall meetings, fall practice, spring meetings, spring practice, weight programs. The plight of the player-student is almost impossible. He doesn't have time enough to study. Football players cannot finish their education in four years. The athlete needs responsible help—not under-the-table help, but something like a five-year academic program. I implore your consideration."

MANLY ART

Fighters used to have tough names like Max and Joe and Rocky, but it may be a depressing sign of the times that the last four full-fledged heavyweight champions were called Ingemar, Floyd, Sonny and Cassius. And the disease seems to be spreading. A bout in the Upper Midwest Golden Gloves tournament this winter matched (stand back now!) Waldon Crowsbreast with Gregory Madrigal. It is nothing personal, you understand, but it is something of a relief to report that the winner of the Crowsbreast-Madrigal affair lost his next bout and that the eventual winner of the championship in their division was a guy named Mike.

MATTER OF PRINCIPAL

Dean Chance of the Minnesota Twins signed for \$55,000 this year, a cut of \$5,000 from his 1968 salary, only after a wealthy friend, New Jersey millionaire Tom Granatelli, promised Dean he would make up the \$5,000 difference.

Chance explains, "I made up my mind I'd sit out all year before I signed for \$55,000. It wasn't the money, it was the principle of the thing. Then Tom called and said he'd pay me the extra money if I'd report to camp right away. I figured it was a good deal and said all right. There are no strings attached. He's just a good friend."

THEY SAID IT

• Rick Forzano, Navy's new football coach, on buying a home in Annapolis: "When the real estate man heard I was the new Navy coach, he was enthusiastic. He told me the resale value of the house I took will be tremendous."

• Gene Mauch, Montreal Expos manager, on the Canadian sportswriters covering the new club: "The Montreal writers are fine. They are so eager. It's lovely."

END

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VOODOO MIGHT HELP

North Carolina, Purdue and Drake survived stirring quarterfinal rounds for the dubious privilege of trying to prevent an aroused Law Alcindor and UCLA from winning their third straight NCAA title **by JOE JARES**



There were almost eight minutes left in the game last Saturday when Ferdinand Lewis Alcindor, having just made his final basket in UCLA's Pauley Pavilion, saw he was being replaced and ambled off the court. Fellow seniors Lynn Shackelford and Ken Heitz had preceded him to the bench amid so much admiring noise that each had to stand and wave before the crowd would quiet down. Now Alcindor's turn came, and the roar sounded as if the Indianapolis 500 race had moved indoors. It got louder still when he sat down and stuffed his long arms into his warmup jacket. Perhaps fearing the building would cave in, Coach John Wooden finally motioned to Alcindor to stand. UCLA's greatest player ever stood and pulled Heitz up with him. The two waved their index fingers at the delirious people, but the gesture was not so much a brag as a stated fact. UCLA was the No. 1 college basketball team. Then everybody relaxed as the subs finished up the job of demoralizing and demolishing Santa Clara by 38 points, 90-52.

So it is on to Louisville this week for the final rounds of the NCAA tournament in the distinguished company of Drake, Purdue and North Carolina, the first team ever to win three straight East Regionals. No matter what is tried—stalling, triple-teaming Alcindor, voodoo curses—none of the other three schools in this showdown has a chance if UCLA

plays as it did against Santa Clara.

Two weeks ago, after mediocre USC had upset the Bruins with a well-run delay game, there was a strong feeling of hope among other teams. But that defeat, rather than revealing serious weaknesses, seems only to have aroused a very crotchety bear. Santa Clara, a good team that had lost only once all season and had beaten tough Weber State in overtime Thursday, was so quickly overwhelmed that it was behind 7-0 before anybody even got the ball across the midcourt line. In no time it was 11-2 and then 18-2, and any Santa Clara notions of trying to imitate USC's stall were ludicrously out of the question. The Broncos did not get one shot for the first 3½ minutes and continually lost the ball in the sticky web of the Bruins' zone press. The usually taciturn Alcindor was so loose he even smiled.

It was UCLA's most impressive victory since the massacre of Houston in the tourney last season, and it gave the Bruins' Louisville opponents, Drake on Thursday night and probably North Carolina in the finals Saturday afternoon, good reason to get their white flags ready.

"We finally played our game," said Wooden. "It was the first time we have

continued

Purdue's gunner Rick Mount (left) and North Carolina's jump shooter Charlie Scott led their teams into finale with last-second baskets.



since we clinched the tie for the conference title at Stanford [Feb. 28]. The press did it. We worked extensively on it all year—the 2-2-1 zone—but we hadn't used it in a game."

"The press tore us apart," agreed Santa Clara Coach Dick Garibaldi. "And then their shooting blasted us completely out. We never got to play the game we prepared for. They took us out, hung us on a line. We had to play UCLA's game and, men, that's murder."

There was nothing as one-sided in the East and Midwest Regionals, where North Carolina and Purdue won on last-second jump shots by juniors Charlie Scott and Rick Mount, respectively.

The East final, in College Park, Md. between Carolina and intrastate rival Davidson, was particularly heated, not only because of the proximity of the two schools but because a) Scott once signed a letter of intent with Davidson and then reneged, b) the Tar Heels edged the Wildcats in the regional last year and c) the two coaches, Dean Smith of Carolina and Lefty Driesell of Davidson, like each other about as well as two fighting cocks.

Davidson is the little school struggling against the big state power, and even before its semifinal victory over dangerous St. John's, Davidson had "Beat Carolina" scrawled on its locker-room blackboard. Each team has a black star among all the white faces, Scott for the Tar Heels and Mike Maloy for the Wildcats, and many thought it would boil down to a contest between the two. The Tar Heels also were missing their best guard, Dick Grubar, whose senior year was ended prematurely by torn cartilage in his left knee. He was in College Park on crutches. Last year it was Davidson that had to play in the regionals without one of its best players, Doug Cook.

In a classic, close game that was only slightly marred by some strange official calls, Scott outplayed Maloy and everybody else, totaling 14 of 21 shots from the floor, four of five free throws, six rebounds, four assists and 32 points. He scored 12 of North Carolina's last 17 points and flipped in the game-winning shot on a jumper with two seconds left. The final score was 87-85.

It was close all the way; no more than five points separated the teams in the first half, and Carolina's gangling Bill Bunting, a flamingo who looks as if he has about five extra vertebrae in his neck, was doing a good job on Maloy and hit-

ting well with his own jump shot. The Tar Heels led at halftime 47-46. Maloy asserted himself more in the second half (he finished with 25 points) to help keep it close, but an offensive penalty gave Carolina possession with 1:03, and the Tar Heels killed the clock until time for Scott's big shot.

Carolina's semifinal victory over Duquesne was no easier and, in fact, was one point closer, 79-78. The Dukes, tall and brawny, looked like a weight-lifting team that had lumbered into the wrong gym, and Tar Heel Center Rusty Clark, not about to let any ballies kick sand in his face, was at times so busy retaliating that he forgot about the game. Once he dribbled toward the hoop, stopped, dug his left elbow into the gut of 6'9" Garry Nelson—a Duquesne strongman—and was caught by surprise when Nelson bucked off. Clark stumbled past the basket, fell full length across the press table at the court's end and never did get off his shot.

After leading at halftime 48-41, Carolina increased the margin to a comfortable 14 points with a little more than 12 minutes left. Then the Dukes started throwing in baskets after Bunting fouled out. Scott, who earlier had been upset when John Roche, a white New Yorker at South Carolina, was named MVP in the Atlantic Coast Conference, had to save Carolina's neck again, not by shooting this time but by twice feeding sophomore Lee Dedmon for easy goals in the last 27 seconds. He said later: "I wanted to win for the team, not the conference."

In the Midwest Regional at Madison, Wis., Purdue did not meet Kentucky in the finals as expected, because Adolph Rupp's Wildcats were beaten Thursday night by the expatriate New Yorkers of Marquette 81-74. Dan Issel, Kentucky's All-America center with the Holland Tunnel smile (he plays without his false front teeth), was held to just two field-goal attempts in the second half and 13 points overall, a bit more than half of what he usually scores. "Marquette did a fine job on Issel," growled Rupp afterward, "but we did even better. We didn't give him the ball."

Marquette Coach Al McGuire made sure his players did not forget last year's regional in Lexington, Ky., when their star, George Thompson, was "Mickey Mouse'd" out of the game early with fouls and Kentucky won handily. Rupp



insisted he was "too old for feuds," but bad feeling was evident on the court and there were a couple of near fights.

"This was for revenge," said Dean Meminger, a sophomore who scored 20 points but did not even play in the game last year. "Our primary objective in this tournament was to beat Kentucky," said Thompson.

That holy mission accomplished, Marquette very nearly reached its secondary objective Saturday afternoon and would have except for Purdue's depth and Rick Mount's amazing shooting. Mount's eyes are so nicely attuned to the hoop that he can tell if anything is even slightly out of kilter. Warming up in Iowa's gym earlier this month, he took a few 30-foot shots, stared at the basket a moment, then walked over to Coach George King. "Coach, the rim of the basket isn't level," he said. "It's a little high in front." Iowa officials insisted that could not be but got out a stepladder and



Sophomore Curtis Rowe (left) and the invincible Alcindor are two reasons for favoring UCLA

tape measure and checked anyway. Sure enough, the rim was half an inch too high in front and was promptly fixed. Mount scored 43 points that night.

Against Marquette, Purdue was without its starting center, 7-footer Chuck Bavis, who injured his collarbone in the easy semifinal win over Miami of Ohio, and the Boilermakers had only the part-time services of their leading rebounder, Herm Gilliam, who has a bad ankle. But Purdue's talent runs so deep that it can lose a 7' pivotman and its best all-round player and still be fearsome.

Marquette seemed to be just as hopped up as it had been against the bluegrass boys and battled Purdue to a draw, 63-63, in regulation time. The Warriors might have won it—but Mcninger missed a free throw, and Rae Cobb, with a chance to win the game by making two more foul shots, blew the second.

In the overtime the two teams exchanged baskets and free throws until

it was 73-73 with 26 seconds left and the Boilermakers, with possession, took time out. Everybody in Wisconsin's old, drafty field house knew who would take the last shot—Rick the Rocket, Mount, when it was time, dribbled to the right side, lost his defender on Jerry Johnson's pick and found himself all alone 20 feet from the basket, which is as good as 20 inches for anyone else. His jump shot swished through, and for the 20th time in 31 seasons a representative of the Big Ten was in the final four.

In the Midwest Regional at Manhattan, Kans., Drake's idea was to get the ball to Guard Willie McCarter. The strategy worked for a victory over Colorado State 84-77. McCarter, maneuvering for one-on-one situations outside and hitting regularly from 15 to 20 feet out, scored 21 points. Coach Jim Williams tried to slow things down midway in the second half after his Colorado State Rams, still very much in the game, got into foul trou-

ble. But Drake Coach Maurice John countered with a full-court man-to-man press, which got the tempo back up to Drake's liking.

The Bulldogs like a fast tempo in the locker room, too, which is why Dolph Pulliam, ace defensive forward, takes his tape recorder and 30 minutes of tapes wherever the team goes. "We've won our conference and our regional and so we think we have a right to demand respect," said Pulliam over the din of the music. "If they don't give it to us they'd better look out. I can't think of a better way of getting our 13th straight than by beating UCLA." Drake is good, all right, but the only likely way Pulliam's dream can come true is if he uses his tape recorder to hit Alcindor over the head. The Bulldogs seem to be ill-equipped, despite John's eight or nine different offenses, to slow down the game à la USC.

North Carolina, the Bruins' likely opponent in the grand finale, is capable, however. The Tar Heels have practiced and used their Four Corner delay offense all season, and they have the height—6'10" Clark, 6'8" Bunting and 6'10" Dedmon—should they choose to surround Alcindor on defense. The two teams met in the finals in Los Angeles last year, and Carolina trailed by only 35-27 when Bunting got his fourth foul with 17 minutes left. If any team in the country can do it now it is North Carolina, if it does not overlook Purdue in the semifinals and if it does not miss Dick Grubar's defense and fast-break leadership too much—and if Alcindor gets too lackadaisical. Carolina Coach Smith is probably ifling himself to sleep these nights.

But when the last buzzer sounds and the nets get cut down for use as victory ornamentation, the Bruins most likely will be wearing them. It would be the third NCAA title in a row for UCLA and the fifth in six years. And Alcindor, the quiet young man from New York City who made it possible, will at last have used up his eligibility, to the immense relief of college coaches everywhere.

"We've got seven more days," said Alcindor, who had to worry about two final examinations and a term paper before boarding the plane for Louisville. "This is the big one. No one has ever won three straight. We want three straight."

END

FROM MOUNTAIN TO MOLEHILL

When baseball decided to lower the pitching mound to help the hitters, the change seemed minor, but there were signs last week that it may have a major effect on the posttime

by WILLIAM LEGGETT



Nelson Briles of the St. Louis Cardinals is a personable young man of 25 who, aside from being able to speak some Spanish, French and Russian, thinks a great deal about his career. As a starting pitcher for less than a season and a half, Briles has already won 29 games, not including one victory in the 1967 World Series. Last week at Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg, Fla., Briles ventured a few preseason comments on the state of the game. "This is a very unorthodox year for spring training," he said. "Everything seemed to hit at exactly the same time. There was the players' boycott, a period of long holdouts and a series of rule changes. It is all very confusing, especially to people trying to get themselves in shape for the start of the season."

In less than three weeks this already complicated season will indeed begin in earnest, complete with four new expansion teams, sub-league divisional play, a new commissioner and the hope that some hitting will offer improvement on a season of suffocating pitching excellence. The hope is based upon a major change in the rules: the lowering of the pitcher's mound from 15 inches to 10. It could have as profound an effect upon baseball as, say, widening the holes in golf or lowering the net in tennis. It already has caused more genuine spring training arguments, discussion and jokes than anything in years.

Five inches off the top of the mound may not sound like much, but when you walk into any training camp it looks as if a mountain has been turned into a molehill. From the stands and the dug-out the mound, which used to rise like Mount Fuji in the middle of the infield, now resembles the Salt Flats of Utah. Many pitchers are grumbling often and loud while others just wink. The hitters say very little, because they know that when pitchers get angry anything can happen.

What has happened so far is that spring training has been a batter's festival. Imagine 34 runs being scored in the first three games of the Arizona exhibition schedule, or the New York Mets

A batter's view of the old and the new is demonstrated by Dave Glavin (38), who is standing on a 15-inch plastic slab designed for use inside field houses, and by Nelson Briles, who is five inches below on this year's mound.

pounding out 22 hits in a single game. And all those strikeouts that seemed so dominant last March and early April are now a relic. The games might not be any faster this year, but they certainly are more interesting. Sometimes they recall *jai alai* more than baseball.

A slight reduction in the strike zone and the experiment involving pinch hitters received more publicity during the off season than the lowering of the mound. Last year's strike zone was from the top of the shoulder to the bottom of the kneecap, but it is now from the armpit to the top of the kneecap. So far there is little evidence that the changed strike zone has had any effect at all, or that indeed the umpires are paying any attention to it. The idea of using a "designated pinch hitter" in place of the pitcher has certainly not been universally accepted, even as an experiment. (Many teams, particularly in the National League, believe that the pitcher should bat in spring training because he is going to have to hit for himself once the regular season begins.)

But the lowered mound has many of the game's theorists puzzled. Put simply, the mound is now only 10 inches higher than home plate. When a pitcher throws—and particularly a straight overhand pitcher—he finds the ground coming up to meet him a lot quicker than it did before, and he is thus off balance when he releases the ball. "The difference I have noticed is that most of the pitchers seem to be throwing high," says Larry Shepard, the manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates and a close student of pitching. When a pitcher throws high he often throws himself out of a job.

Mickey Lolich, the man who won three games to become the star of last fall's World Series for the Detroit Tigers, says, "My elbow has been bothering me this spring. I can't pinpoint exactly that it has been caused by the lowering of the mound but this is my 11th spring and I never had problems like this before. They've lowered the mound, changed the strike zone and said a pitcher can't go to his mouth. Are we pitchers the bad guys, the villains? Who is going to balance my salary if my earned run average goes up to 3.50?"

The mound was lowered to try to help return hitting to baseball, since 1968 was completely owned by the pitchers. Highlighted by the excellence of Denny Mc-

Lain, who won 31 games for the Tigers, and also by Bob Gibson of the Cardinals, who pitched 13 shutouts, pitchers took charge from the very beginning. Only by putting on a strong surge late in the season did Carl Yastrzemski of the Red Sox lift his batting average to .301, the lowest figure to win a batting championship in the history of the game.

Mounds have never been standard in either height or shape even though the rule—1.04 in your Official Baseball Rules—clearly states that the infield shall be graded so that the baselines and home plate are level, with a gradual slope from the baselines up to the pitcher's plate, which shall be 15 inches [now 10] above the baseline level. Few umpires have ever actually measured the height of the mound in any given ball park, though presumably they will be more careful now. Ground crews, though, have always paid attention to the type of pitching staffs various teams have had and then tried to construct mounds to give home pitchers the best area on which to work. In recent years, for example, the Philadelphia Phillies always kept their mound low because their staff was essentially composed of sidearm and three-quarter-motion pitchers. Best proof of this pudding was Jim Bunning, who made excellent use of the low elevation.

Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles was always known as a high-mound ball park because the Dodgers had plenty of fast-ball pitchers and a team that seemed capable of mustering only one or two runs. Roger Nelson, the first choice of the Kansas City Royals in the American League's expansion draft, recalls pitching once in Dodger Stadium. "That mound must have been 36 inches high," he nostalgically claims, "and it was great, like stepping off a mountain. In Chicago the White Sox used to keep their mound only about six inches high and they had one of the best pitching staffs in the league. Their pitchers were used to it and it would mess up visiting pitchers. I'm sure they will have to raise it to get it up to 10 inches."

Stan Musial, who this year enters baseball's Hall of Fame at Cooperstown, leaned against the batting cage last week and looked out at the lowered mound. "It must help the hitters," he said. "When a man is standing at the plate against a sidearm pitcher he has no trouble picking up the flight of the ball. He

should be able to see all the ball. An overhand pitcher firing down off a high mound is another matter. Heck, some of the mounds were built up so high in the past it was ridiculous. Some of them were up over 25 inches. If the new rule is enforced, then the batter will be hitting at a ball which is coming at him at a better angle to hit. The pitchers know this, because I have talked to some of them and they feel that the plate is farther away than it has been in the past."

Don McMahon of the Detroit Tigers has already noticed the difference this spring. "Look at the number of walks that are being given up," he said. "In some games there have been as many as 13 or 14. Many pitchers are high and wide. You really have to force yourself on the mound to get the ball down. During the season a pitcher who has to start forcing himself in the early innings is going to be awful tired in the late ones."

Washington's Camilo Pascual, a grand old warrior, has also noticed the difference this year, although he has pitched very well in two outings. "I'm having trouble forcing my arm and body down into the ball," he says. "It isn't a matter of getting stuff on the ball so much as getting oomph. I might go to the sidearm fastball more than in the past."

Probably the best assessments of the situation came from Pitching Coaches Billy Muffett of the Cardinals and Johnny Sain of the Tigers. "It is going to take a lot of work," said Muffett, "for some people to get used to this new mound. What happens if the hitters have great years and the pitchers had ones? Will there then be another change?" Sain says, "The man who is well organized out on the mound will still be able to pitch well. A man who is not well organized will be in trouble."

Last week Pitcher Jim Hannon of the Senators revealed yet another facet of this strange spring training. "In 1968," he said, "the balls were softer than they had been before. Ken McMullen [Washington's third baseman] used to sit on the bench and squeeze the horseshoe up into a lump on the outside of the ball. Nine of every 10 balls I picked up seemed to be soft. Heck, one day an umpire pushed on a ball and the horseshoe came up so that he could hold it between his fingers like a pendant on a chain. This year the balls feel much, much harder." And that, of course, is all the pitchers need to hear.

END

AN EXHILARATING NIP OF LIQUORI

Although hobbled by a bad knee and blisters, Jim Ryun quenched his own doubts and helped win the NCAA indoor track meet for Kansas when he edged Villanova's Marty Liquori in the mile at Detroit **by SKIP MYSLIENSKI**

After the race Jim Ryun sat under the stands in a corner of Detroit's Cobo Arena, drinking 7-Up, and now, as they had so many times before, the people started crowding around, asking for autographs. Ice packs were pressed against his left knee, and towels were placed under his blistered and bleeding feet. Minutes earlier Ryun had come off the last turn to nip Villanova's Marty Liquori in a 4:02.6 mile and assure Kansas the NCAA Indoor Track and Field Championship both schools wanted so badly. "No, they didn't hurt when I was running," Ryun said, when asked about his feet. "I had too much to think about just trying to beat Marty."

The victory, however narrow, was an especially satisfying one for Ryun. This season, as in every indoor season, there had been that nagging, frustrating injury, the sharp pain in the left knee that only got worse from the pounding on all those tight corners. His workouts had been irregular, his competition limited to a 4:06 mile early in February. But this winter, unlike those past, people were talking—about Jim Ryun not having it anymore, about Jim Ryun getting lazy since he got married, about Jim Ryun making up injuries whenever he didn't feel like running. There had even been boos at the Big Eight championships when he scratched 10 minutes before the start of the mile.

"I've gotten tired of talking about all the little things that keep popping up," Ryun said the morning of the NCAA mile. "It gets irritating to have all the trash injuries. It's tough telling people about them. I know it sounds bad, but they really are honest."

Controversy over the extent—or even the existence—of the injuries had arisen Friday night, when Ryun dropped out of the two mile after three laps. Villanova Coach Jumbo Elliott was the loudest complainer, pointing to a NCAA rule that says a competitor must

give "his very best effort" in any event in which he is entered or be scratched from all remaining races. Elliott wanted Ryun kept out of the mile, claiming he had quit without sufficient cause. Elliott was also upset because Liquori had run a whole race and finished a worthwhile sixth.

The question became, finally, whether the games committee trusted Ryun. After one look at his feet, it did. "I'm tired of people bickering," Ryun said later. "I just wish we could have competition and let it go at that. But there are certain people who will never believe someone is telling the truth."

When the committee decided to let the meet be settled by the runners, the remaining question was whether Villanova's track championship would be enough to overcome Kansas' field championship. "Before the meet started we knew we were going to get our points," said Kansas Shotputter Karl Salb, who broke a meet record with a put of 66' 8½" and led Kansas to a one-two-three sweep in the event. "The only question was how our runners would do."

Villanova, the defending champion, had granted Salb his win but had not expected to get blitzed by 13 points in the shot, nor by the 10 Kansas picked up in the long jump. Suddenly the Wildcats were 23 points down, and for them the meet hadn't even started. "You have to respect anyone with four or five good field men," Elliott had said. "No one's going to trip them when they're throwing the shot or cut in front of them on the long-jump runway. And nine times out of 10 your top fieldmen will come through. You have no assurance of that when you're running."

Villanova did have the assurance, however, of its Mighty Burner, Larry James, who was up against his nemesis, San Jose State's Lee Evans, in the 440. Every time they had raced James had lost to Evans by anywhere from one inch to

one yard, and Evans had become a mental as well as a physical challenge.

"The more running I do," said James, "the more and more important I find thinking. When I'm in top condition and in against top competitors, that's when I especially think the most."

"What do you think of?" someone asked.

"Lee," he said quietly.

"What about Lee?"

"That it's about time I beat him."

James led from the start, as he had in their previous meetings, but this time Evans never challenged, and James won in a good 47.3. "Usually Lee charges with a lap and a half to go," James said. "But when he didn't come, I tell you I didn't bother to look back. I just kept burning. For a long time I've tried to picture what this moment would feel like, and now that it's here, well, it doesn't feel any different."

But this meet, as almost everyone knew from the beginning, wasn't really going to be decided in any preliminary event, no matter how attractive or how well run. "The NCAA is the one we want," said Kansas Coach Bob Timmons, "and I don't think we can win it without Ryun. I feel confident, though, about Jim's condition." "I'm using Marty in both races," said Elliott. "We need the points and I think he is good enough and the type of kid to get them for us."

The attempted double was a disaster for both Ryun and Liquori. After their failures in the two mile, they were disconsolate and a bit embarrassed. "Nothing was right," Ryun said. "I just haven't got it put together yet. It was too ambitious to try and double." "I thought of dropping out," Liquori said, "but then I figured maybe I could get a point, and that's what I was running for. But I ended up running all that way for nothing. What a stupid sport."

There is in Liquori a certain brashness that makes him something special.



Ryun (left) breaks the tape ahead of the lunging Liquori as both milers were caught in 4:02.6

His way is not a swagger, really, but more a look or a smile or a manner that implies he is doing something 19-year-olds aren't supposed to do. It is also bell-bottoms, Gucci shoe buckles, turtle-necks and the model-type girl in the jump suit. Says Elliott, "He's my cool cat." Says teammate Erv Hall, who equaled the meet record of 7:0 in the 60-yard highs, "Marty's cocky, but then the mile is a cocky type race." Says Villanova Sports Publicist Jim Murray,

"Marty would race a roadrunner and not think of losing."

Two days before he met Ryun in the mile, Liquori was not only not thinking of losing, he wasn't thinking of running at all. "Other people are talking and worrying about this race more than I am," he said. "Like last night. Sure I was thinking, but it wasn't about Ryun. It was what Jumbo would think about the new pants [powder-blue bell-bottoms] I just bought."

By Saturday, Liquori was not only thinking of Ryun but was also a bit scared. "It's everything," he said, "the bad race last night, having to run Ryun, wondering how fresh he is and how much he has in him. You know, I don't like to think about a race that much ahead of when it's going to happen. You could go crazy that way. So I've developed this method. One hour before, I'll lie down and do nothing but think about running. I think about all the work I've done before the race, then say to myself if I lose it is all worthless."

"You always find that one split second in a race when a runner has to decide whether this is it, whether this is the time to go all-out. I think a lot of us are frightened when we think of this moment. After that thing last night I've really got my back to the wall. But I think I do my best when I'm up against it."

Ryun was against a wall, too. He needed a good race to reassure himself and to help his team. "I know this may sound corny," he said, "but I have to run well for the other 19 guys on the team. I don't want to let them down. And I think we can win this damn thing."

Ryun had an unusual plan for the mile—go out fast and try to burn the drained Liquori. He went out, but Liquori stayed with him through a 60-second quarter and then went by him as they passed the half in 2:03. Ryun came up on Liquori on the final turn. "He could have cut in if he'd wanted to," Liquori said. "I would have broken stride, and the race would have been over right there. But he didn't cut me off. He's too much of a gentleman."

Ryun's victory at the tape and Kansas' unexpected points in the pole vault and in the mile relay gave it the championship—the Jayhawks scoring 41½ points to runner-up Villanova's 33.

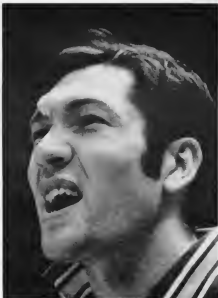
Later, lying with his knee iced and his feet wrapped, Ryun looked past those surrounding him. Liquori was walking by. They both smiled, weakly. "Excuse me," Ryun said, "I'd like to talk to Marty alone for a while."

"He just said it was a good race," Liquori said later. "And he wanted to explain that he really was hurt. How do I feel? Well, a year ago I held Jim Ryun in awe. But this time I came closest ever to beating him. I lost by two inches. I think I proved something."

AND



BILL BRIDGES OF ATLANTA SAYS TEAR HAS THE BEST COACH



RUDY LaRUSSO OF SAN FRANCISCO RESTS HOPES ON RESERVES

BRAVE WORDS FROM A HAWK AND A WARRIOR

The Lakers, some said, could never lose with Chamberlain, West and Baylor. But now it is playoff time and Atlanta and San Francisco are making noises that sound like upset in the West

by **ALFRED WRIGHT**

In the beginning (of the present season) Jack Kent Cooke created the new super Lakers by paying something like three or four trillion dollars for Wilt Chamberlain, big super center. And Jack Kent Cooke said, "Let there be a new NBA basketball champion ensconced in my fabulous new Fabulous Forum." And after Jack Kent Cooke and the Los Angeles sportswriters had contemplated Chamberlain and his two teammates—Elgin Baylor, super forward, and Jerry West, super guard—they spoke more or less in unison. And they said, "There is none like them on all the earth, and how will they ever lose a game?"

And the rest of the NBA said, "We shall see what we shall see."

And the third week of the sixth month of the season arrived. And 11 of the other 13 teams in the NBA had beaten the Lakers at least once and some a great deal oftener than once. So that the Lakers, although they secured the Western Division title with a perfunctory lead over the runner-up Atlanta Hawks, were still a great distance away from a national championship.

For the guys who sit in basketball's drafty bleachers through the long winter months, it is a good thing indeed that the rest of the basketball players of the world were not paralyzed by fear at the thought of facing Chamberlain, Baylor and West. Next week the playoffs for the title finally begin, and a glorious three-way cat-and-dog fight between the Lakers, the Hawks and, yes, even the San Francisco Warriors is in prospect. At Vegas, Caliente and the Paris Bourse, the Lakers are not so much as even money to earn the dubious pleasure of losing to the Baltimore Bullets or the New York Knicks or somebody in the ultimate league playoffs ending sometime in May, June or July.

First consider those orphans of the storm, the Warriors, who have the first turn at assaulting the Lakers. By November, a month into the season, they were comatose, with a record of 7-8. In late December they were moribund (16-

22). As the All-Star Game approached in mid-January, they were in fifth place and thinking not so much of the playoffs as whether the season would ever end. The news reports on the Warriors during that dismal spell read like something filed out of a field hospital near Danang. Looking back on it all, now that their luck has turned, the Warriors point to the nadir of their fortunes as that dreadful night of Dec. 6 in Seattle. They had exactly seven players fit for service, but league rules insist that a team must have eight men suited up to play or face a possible fine of anywhere from \$25 to \$1,000. So Jim King, the guard, who was home in bed with the Hong Kong flu, had to be wrapped like a mummy and flown north to sit on the bench, where he shivered and speculated for all but two minutes, when he had to go in and play.

The Warriors' casualty report is really better suited for a medical bulletin than a sports magazine. King, a tough, peppery little guard from Tulsa who, when healthy, last year led the league in scoring, had been counted on as one of the prime movers and shakers of the Warrior attack, but he has become a chronic invalid with an internal pelvic disorder that is inaccurately described as a pulled groin muscle. He missed the first 20 games and played only sporadically thereafter. Recently he has been in the hospital again for a checkup and is still doubtful for the playoffs.

Alvin Attles, who is even smaller and tougher than King, is the team's other offensive sparkplug as well as its assistant coach. He missed 15 of the early games with a pulled hamstring and 11 of the later ones with a shoulder separation. Two weeks ago in Boston he hurt his back and is now sitting restlessly on the bench mending slowly for the playoffs. Matus Attles and King, the Warriors are a little like John F. Kennedy Airport without a control tower.

Then there is Nate Thurmond, an All-Star for the last four years and one of only two or three men with the height

and muscle to play belly to belly against Wilt Chamberlain under the basket. Big, genial Thurmond is the kind of rollicking bachelor who keeps a team loose on those awful road trips, but, even more important, you have to have him around to control the boards against people like Bill Russell, Willis Reed, Chamberlain and the other sequoias of basketball. Injury-prone for much of the last four years, Thurmond pulled a thigh muscle early in the season and was lost to the club for most of December.

On and on the woeful story goes with flu, wrenched knees, strained arches and bad backs, to the point where one figures the team doctor must be the richest fellow on the Warriors' roster. Not that it is over yet, but since the All-Star Game the Warriors have slowly been recovering into the kind of team that last week outshot, outdefended and out-rebounded the Lakers themselves for a smashing 97-85 victory in their final meeting of the season at the San Francisco Cow Palace.

When the Warriors are asked what happened to suddenly send them careering along in an opposite and considerably happier direction, they offer a lot of explanations. But one name keeps popping up in most of them—Jeff Mullins (see cover). Mullins is a most charmingly friendly Kentucky boy of not unusual dimensions for a basketball player at a mere 6' 4" and 200 pounds. He has the kind of open, ingenuous manner about him that often makes older men say of his kind, "I'd like to have a son like that."

It is only happenstance that Mullins is still a basketball player after a spectacular three years at Duke and his part in the Olympic team's victory in Tokyo. The Hawks, then of St. Louis, drafted him, and he spent two unhappy years with a bench-eye view of the action, while Len Wilkens and Richie Guerin (*also on the cover*), the team's player-coach and a couple of other seasoned guards did the work. During those two years Mullins averaged a rather unimportant 4.9

continued

and 5.8 points a game. To a young man as intelligent and otherwise promising as he was, it seemed a waste of time, and he so told the Hawks.

"I can't really blame Guerin," Mullins replies in answer to the suggestion that there might have been bad feeling between the rookie and the veteran coach. "The Hawks were always in contention for No. 1, and they couldn't afford to take out a couple of All-Star guards to teach a young player the game. The only misunderstanding I had with Guerin was that I was a jump shooter, and he wanted me to drive more, because he was a driver. As a result, I became a driver myself. So he helped make me a more complete ballplayer."

In the expansion draft for the new Chicago Bulls, Mullins was taken from the Hawks, and he reluctantly showed up at training camp unsure of whether he wanted to play. After the first week he and King, another draftee, were traded to the Warriors in exchange for that fine old guard, Guy Rodgers. For once the cliché held up: it was a trade that was beneficial to both teams.

Mullins broke in at San Francisco in Rick Barry's final year, when the team lost in the playoff finals to Philadelphia. With an 18-point average in the playoffs, he proved he could shoot against the pros. So, when Barry defected to the new league the following year, Mullins seemed to be one who might help take up the slack. Franklin Miell, one of those ebullient types from the world of broadcasting, had bought control of the team, and he had visions of Jeff Mullins as the looming superstar who would make the world—or, at least, that part of it within sight of the Top of the Mark—forget Rick Barry.

With the team in third place and just barely .500 for the season, one could hardly say Barry is out of mind. But since the All-Star Game, Mullins has been averaging about 26 points per game, fourth in the league among the guards, and his 49% field-goal shooting average leads them all. More important, since the Warriors have begun to click in the late season, winning six of their last seven games and 15 of their last 22, it has been Mullins' steady 25 points or so, with a career high of 42 against Detroit, that has kept the team moving.

Closing out the season with a winning streak and beating the super Lakers in a playoff are two different things

entirely, like having a good day at the races and breaking the bank at Monte Carlo. No one knows that better than the Warriors, who finished the season 3-4 against Los Angeles. The victories included one triple-overtime victory, and another came on a basket in the last second. Meanwhile the Lakers had beaten them once by more than 30 points. What confidence there is must come from last week's convincing win at the Cow Palace, when the Warriors came from eight points behind in the third quarter to win by 12.

"The matchups are the thing," says Rudy LaRusso, the ex-Laker forward who is now so important to the Warriors that they let him live in Los Angeles and commute to San Francisco for games and practice. "Thurmond against Chamberlain, that's got to be a stand-off. Neither can do very much against the other. Wilt will get a few dunk shots, and Nate will get a few hooks, and that's about it. They'll be about even in rebounds." As if to prove the point, in last week's Warrior victory Chamberlain scored five points, Thurmond six; the former had 20 rebounds, the latter 26.

"Baylor, West and Mel Counts are the answer then as far as L.A. is concerned," LaRusso continues. "You know Elgin and Jerry are going to get their 20 to 30 points shooting those 17-footers unless they're way off. And Counts has been the really bright spot for them this season with his outside shooting and his rebounding. Jeff and I are just not in a class with Elgin and Jerry, but our bench is a little better than theirs. A little more versatile."

At first glance, Rudy LaRusso hardly seems the athlete best equipped to intellectualize on any sport, including his own, basketball. There is something about his prognathous jaw and the occasional scowl on his big, shaggy face that tells you not to annoy him. Players claim that meeting him head to head on a basketball court is a little like playing a game of tag on the freeway during rush hour. Yet Rudy LaRusso, Dartmouth '59, is one of only two Ivy Leagueurs who have made it big in pro basketball in recent years. The other is a Rhodes scholar from Princeton named Bradley. To complete the paradox, LaRusso is a devout student of Don Rickles, and his Rickles routines are worth more to the Warriors in times of stress than a truckload of Miltown. George

Lee, the Warriors' soft-spoken young coach, is apt to use LaRusso almost as much as Atilas as an extra set of brain and eyes during the heat of a contest.

So what LaRusso says about playoffs is worth listening to, and what he says is this: "The key to playoffs is winning at home and then winning one game on the road. I figure there's a little advantage opening the playoffs away from home, as we do this year against the Lakers. Before the momentum gets started it's sometimes tough for the home team to win two in a row at home right away."

"Of course, away from home the floor's a little different. The lighting's a little different. There are things you're not used to. And you don't have the home crowd with you. But sometimes playoff crowds may be a disadvantage. They're unsophisticated, and a lot of times you don't know what they're cheering about. You pick up a loose ball and hear a lot of cheering and wonder what's happened. The regular fans would just be sitting there."

"There are fewer lapses of concentration in a playoff, because everyone is at a very high emotional pitch. This is a good time for us to go into the playoffs, because we've been playing better the last month and have our confidence and a winning attitude. The team has needed this overall concentrated effort. The easiest thing in the world to do is lose. You've got to be willing to make the effort to win, to pay the price. Early in the season we had this copout about injuries, but now that we have been winning we have the confidence and the right attitude. Mullins in the last 25 games or so has really been shooting well, scoring well for us. He's the leader of the team. He's assumed the burden. He'll take the shot at the crucial time. It's what the team needed."

As befits a modest young man, Jeff Mullins agrees in a slightly different way. "It's going to take a super effort by Atlanta or us to beat L.A.," he says, "but I don't think a super effort in the playoffs is out of the question. This team has great rapport and is capable of pulling together. It has not been a good season for the Warriors, but the last month and a half has been a big improvement. If we're going to beat L.A., we're going to have to shoot from the outside, and if we're not as sharp as we can be in six or seven games or however long it takes, there is no way we can beat them. I

continued



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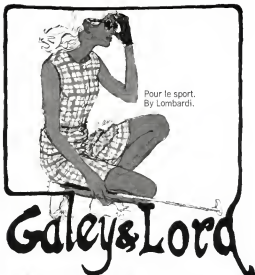
think we are optimistic, though. We're very strong defensively. We're as healthy as we've been all year, and we're playing them while we're fresh. If we can just get their superstars a little tired we have the bench to beat them."

Still, there seems to be a sense of doubt in the minds of the Warriors, this notion that unless everybody plays about perfectly there is not much hope of beating the super Lakers. You will not find any such hypothesis around that strangely lit pavilion on the Georgia Tech campus called the William A. Alexander Memorial Coliseum, where the Atlanta Hawks keep house. The Hawks have a little score to settle with themselves, and most of them would rather desecrate the flag than allow themselves to think they cannot do it. Last year, having won the Western Division's regular season, the Hawks opened the playoffs against San Francisco, operating without Thurmond. Cocky and careless, they lost the series in six games, and they are still talking about that 12 months later.

Listen to Bill Bridges, the Hawks' super forward, who has been with the team ever since he graduated from Kansas in 1961. A tall, dignified, marvelously constructed man, Bridges would look more at home in a diplomat's homburg and striped pants than in the garish underwear of a basketball suit. In his seventh season as a pro he has reached the point where he can see the end and appreciate what it all means to him. "I'm at the zenith of my career," he said recently. "I'm never going to be a superstar. All I want at this point is to play on a world championship team and make some money out of the game. Last year I thought would be the high point. We led our division, but we let down and lost in that playoff to San Francisco. It was humiliating, and the whole season meant nothing. I'd hate to go through a summer like that again; it was the longest summer of my life. This is a team of character, and we aren't going to let it happen again."

Other Hawk players say the same thing, although not in quite such impressive prose as that of their captain, Bridges. Of course, the Hawks have to knock out either San Diego or Chicago in the playoff semifinals before they get their shot at the super Lakers. Or will it be their revenge on the Warriors? It is hard to imagine them losing to Chicago, whom they have sneered at this

roundtable



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BRAVE WORDS *continued*

year, or even to expansionist San Diego, against whom they have had to work a little harder for their 3-2 advantage. But why quibble? Barring catastrophe or doomsday, the Hawks should be spending April commuting to California, and the matchup they are thinking about is against Los Angeles.

"The problem against Los Angeles—and I think it is the only problem," Bridges says, "is going out and playing our game and being healthy. Our strength is in Zelmo Beaty. He is a great shooter and is capable of shooting Chamberlain right out of the gym. If Beaty has a great night against the Lakers, don't worry about it. They're going to do their thing, and if we do our thing well, we're going to beat them. If we do our thing excellently, it will be a wipeout."

Later that evening, in the Hawks' dressing room before a game with Philadelphia, Bridges remembered something he had meant to tell the visitor. He leaned down, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Don't forget another reason we're going to win the playoffs. We've got the best coach in the league."

The next morning, following the Hawks' 39-point victory over the 76ers, the best coach in the league sat in his brand-new eighth-floor office overlooking much of Atlanta's glass-and-concrete rehabilitation. His name is Richie Guerin, and for the next few minutes he was as relaxed as a New Yorker—or, anyway, a New Yorker who coaches professional basketball—is apt to get. Twelve hours earlier, dressed in the Hawks' red, white and blue sweat suit and ready to put himself in as a substitute guard if he thought his team needed him, Guerin had been jumping up and down off the bench, shouting a continuous, 48-minute stream of instructions to his players on the court.

"Up the floor, up the floor," he would yell when the Hawks took a rebound and passed it off to their new guard, Walt Hazzard. "Off to the left, keep moving, get the ball up."

Guerin, who seldom plays anymore unless one of his regular guards is sick or in foul trouble, was drifting his players in the change of style he had decided upon some 10 days earlier. "At the beginning of the season I thought we should play a more deliberate game to make use of our big men," Guerin explained, "but that was hurting us with

continued



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some of our other players. Now I've decided we should make the big men get up the court quicker. We've got enough big men to substitute freely if any of them get tired.

"The real difference in our play now is Walt Hazzard," he added, his big face filling with furrows and his big hands cutting the air in front of him karate-fashion. "When we made the trade for Hazzard just before the season began I had to give up one of the best guards in the league, Len Wilkens, but I knew I was getting my kind of a player. There wasn't time to break him in properly in training camp, so some of the things he did were good and some not so good. Now he is the key to our club. When we rebound we get the ball to Hazzard, and it's his responsibility to get the ball upcourt as soon as possible. No one in the league does it better. He's the one who has to get the ball to our big men."

Early in the season, when they were losing as much as winning, the Hawks were being faulted as a slow team. Nobody had more strength off the boards, with Beatty at 6' 9" in the pivot and forwards like Bridges at 6' 6", Paul Silas at 6' 7" and Lou Hudson at 6' 5", all with plenty of muscle and elbows. And Hudson, a quiet third-year man, has developed into a consistent 22-points-per-game type. In the backcourt with Hazzard was Joe Caldwell, a wonderfully wide-eyed, innocent-looking athlete whose outside shot was good for another slew of points. So there it all was, plus what the Hawks like to think is the strongest bench in basketball (with, oh, maybe, the exception of Baltimore), yet the team wasn't winning consistently.

"That was our big problem—consistency," Guerin emphasized. "We're basically a good rebounding team, Beatty and Hudson are two of the best offensive players in the league, Caldwell has had a very good season for us stealing the ball—he's very aggressive—so if we can keep some consistency going into the playoffs, then basically there won't be any weakness. There's no time to be inconsistent in the playoffs."

Well, if concentration will beat the Lakers the Warriors will do it. If speed and consistency are needed, it is up to the Hawks. But if superstars can withstand all these admirable qualities, then Jack Kent Cooke hath bought himself a champion after all. Of the Western Division, that is.

END

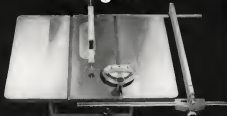
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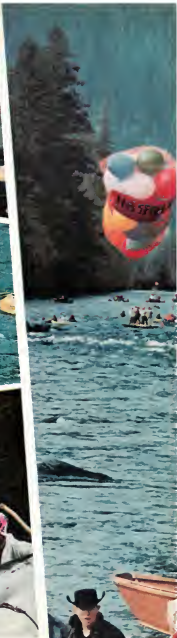
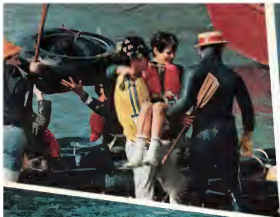

HOWARD JOHNSON'S
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THEIR THING IN THE SPRING

The wicked little McKenzie River in western Oregon does not just kick up white water. It rushes in a series of boat-shattering, man-dunking drops from Cooks Rapids to Brown's Rock, from Bear Creek to notorious Martin Rapids, through Gate Creek Rapids and under the Goodpasture Covered Bridge, until the calm waters above Leaburg Dam finally gentle its restless passage. This rough-riding torrent was finally tamed 35 years ago when professional fishing guides devised a light plywood boat, a high-riding craft like a junior version of the Nova Scotia dory. In 1938, on the Sunday before the opening of the trout season, 20 of these boats carrying guides and their wives made the first 20-mile parade run. The next year there were 40 boats out to test the spring freshet. By the 1940s students from the University of Oregon had discovered the white-water parade and made it their spring thing. Through the years the size of the attacking armada has swelled, and for this April's hilarity there will be some 500 assorted craft—some are shown opposite and on the following pages—out to bob on the bubbly. "It's a far cry from what it used to be," says Prince Helfrich, a veteran guide. "Once everybody used the regular riverboats and knew how to handle them. Now it's too wild." Wild it is, with the beer flowing as freely as the river and with thousands of festive spectators lined at vantage points along the banks to watch the melee.

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In the McKenzie assault at least 10% of the rafts will capsize and wooden boats will be reduced to kindling when swirling against the rocks. However, no lives have been lost thus far in the cold water that is never warmer than 42° in early spring. The river is shallow enough so that a dunking victim can drift downstream to a quiet eddy from which he can walk to shore.

PEOPLE

It seems the Knicks' superwing-er **Dick Barnett** harbors a passion for chess, picking up games wherever he can. He has just accepted a challenge from a man in Cleveland, whom he will play by mail ("He said he was a chess nut, and so am I"), and he would like to play **Bobby Fischer**, just for fun. A spokesman at Fischer's chess club in New York has observed dryly that Bobby "won't play for less than half a thousand dollars." Barnett is not that big a chess nut.

Sonny Jurgensen has shaved off his sideburns and chin whiskers. It was a simple, private ceremony. "I was only offered \$1," he explained. "By my wife."

Once again **Adolph Rupp** has wrested a great performance from a five-man team. Toastmaster at a testimonial dinner for Earl Ruby, retired sports editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, Rupp had as speakers four former Kentucky governors—**Lawrence W. Wetherbee**, A.B. (Happy) Chandler, Bert T. Combs, Edward T. Breathitt—and incumbent **Louis B. Nunn**. Rupp gave his men their pre-speech instructions and intro-

duced them. When the proceedings were over he said, "When I die I wouldn't mind if they put it on my tombstone, 'This man got five governors to speak—and finish—in 36 minutes.'"

★ Come July **M. Charles Masson**, owner of one of New York's most highly regarded French restaurants, will take leave of the massed flowers, polished crystal and amber mirrors of *La Grenouille* to serve as chef aboard his old friend **Huey Long's** *Ondine* for the Trans-Pacific race from San Pedro, Calif. to Honolulu. Masson's nautical experience is extensive—he served both in the French and U.S. merchant marine, and for nine years he was maître d' aboard the *SS Independence*—but all that was, on the whole, a more vertical experience than cooking on the *Ondine* may prove. As crew member **George Davis** wrote Masson, "The menus you have suggested sound excellent—a sailor's dream. However, you will only be able to prepare these elegant meals if the yacht remains upright."

... Masson says philosophically, "The men have indicated that they want mainly steaks,



but I will probably try to pretty them up with some shallots to make them look desirable."

★ While **M. Masson** is off being a sportsman instead of a restaurateur, **Gus Gogolak** will be busy doing the opposite. At the owner's invitation, Gogolak is leaving the restaurant business from the bottom up at the 21 Club in New York. For several years Gogolak spent his springs doing graduate work in hotel administration at Cornell, and his summers working in hotels before attending to football in the autumn. The Army interrupted him, but at 21 Pete will have ample opportunity to catch up on his spare blarney—he has already worked as a busboy and been observed misguidedly pouring brandy on a lobster and setting it afire. This, 21 points out in self-defense, is a dish not found on their menu.

"There has been, and let us acknowledge it, a spiritual flabbiness from which our fathers would have fled," said **Richard Cardinal Cushing** of Boston at the beginning of Lent. "We have become in some measure 'fat'

Christians whose religion does not overmuch interfere with our comfort." Cushing, that practical good man, recommended "holy jogging" and "spiritual pushups" for the pre-Easter season, and those of his flock who have heeded his words should be starting to shape up. If His Eminence can talk them into a few extra weeks they should peak just about in time for the Boston Marathon.

"Would you find out who's going to win the NCAA basketball championships?" came the request from outer space, but the best earth could do for **Commander James McDivitt**, Michigan '59, was a couple of regional scores. "Davidson beat Villanova 75 to 61 and Miami of Ohio beat Notre Dame 63 to 60." Control reported, and later snuck in a regular-season score: "Ohio State beat Michigan 95 to 86." "Oh, listen," McDivitt said unhappily, "I'm not going to be able to live with my wife. You know she's from Miami. If Michigan got beat and Miami of Ohio won, I'm in trouble when I get home." McDivitt thought it all over and came home anyway.



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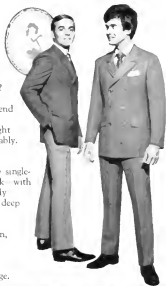
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When Dan Gable, a nearsighted 137-pound Iowa State junior, bounds on the mat, the crowds chant "Kill!"—and Dan nearly always oblige

Once amateur wrestling, at least for the uninitiated, was about as stirring a spectacle to watch as water freezing. But not since Dan Gable, a mild-mannered student at a large, rural university, has been stripping off his street clothes and bounding onto the mat as—Superwrestler! And not since wrestling matches have come equipped with brass bands, cheerleaders and pretty girls known as Mat Maids who keep score, time and even devotedly serve snacks to the wrestlers.

Due in part to this hoopla (which is quite a different thing from the debasing fakery of the pro game), wrestling has been booming. For those who had not heard the reverberations, 8,000 high schools and 500 colleges now have wrestling teams, triple and double, respectively, the number in 1959. The finals of the NCAA championships, which will be contested next week at Brigham Young University, have been televised nationally since 1963, and in Oklahoma bidding for the TV rights to the Oklahoma State-Oklahoma matches has been something fierce. "Four years ago," says Oklahoma State Coach Myron Roderick, "we just let a station put the matches on for nothing. Now three stations bid, and for our match against OU last month there were 500,000 viewers."

But wrestling's biggest draw is Dan Gable. When not competing, Gable is a meek, quiet 19-year-old junior at Iowa State who, like Clark Kent, peeks out at the world through horn-rimmed glasses. But in his red uniform, with the big gold "I" on the chest, he has so aroused wrestling crowds they have been known to chant, "Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Indeed, Gable is the most exciting wrestler since Dan Hodge came out of Oklahoma in 1955. For openers, he has won 139 straight bouts in nearly six years of high school and college. But what sets Gable apart is how he wins, which is by pinning his opponent's shoulders

to the mat rather than straining to a decision. Few can appreciate the subtle variations on stasis which comprise a typical bout, but a pin, like a knockdown, is, in effect, part of the lingua franca of sport. In high school Gable pinned 26 of 64 foes. At Iowa State he has flattened 49 of 75, including 17 of 19 this season. "Pinning is what the game is all about," says Gable, which for him is a mouthful.

Even when describing one of his most memorable pins, he refuses to embellish. "The other guy went off the mat," he begins. "I was on my knees adjusting my headgear. It was over my eyes and I had my head down as I fixed it. I heard the other coach yell, 'Get him. He's not looking.' I looked up and saw this guy coming. I grabbed him and really pancaked him."

Gable's metamorphosis into Superwrestler begins five hours before a bout, when he shows up for the weigh-in, scaling a few ounces under his 137-pound limit. In the previous 48 hours he has suffered off 10 pounds by not eating and by working out in the wrestling room, where Coach Harold Nichols keeps the temperature at 95°. Then he undergoes three hours of volcanic final preparation. It starts in his room, where he begins to pace like a restless cat, pausing only to go through an elaborate series of exercises. An hour before the match he arrives in the Iowa State dressing room. There his pace becomes almost frenzied. In quick succession, he runs in place, pushes against his locker as if to drive it through the wall, tugs at the cotter pin, flops to the cement floor to do push-ups, rolls on his back and touches his toes behind his head, bounds up and paces back and forth. Then he tugs at his uniform, pushes against an oversized wastebasket, loosens his wrestling robe, jiggles his hands as he does a dance step, ties his robe in place, straddles-jumps, jogs in place, bends over to touch his toes and exhorts his teammates to

"Be ready to give it all you've got right from the start."

Explains Gable, "It's my way of getting psyched up. I like to get really nervous. I'm not ready unless my hands are icy. My Dad gets nervous, too. He used to take movies of all my matches, but he got too nervous and always wound up taking a lot of pictures of the ceiling. He even hired a professional photographer to take movies of me and he got pictures of the ceiling, too."

Such shots are entirely understandable once one has seen Gable perform, for when he gets those icy hands of his on an opponent the opponent usually winds up flat on his back, gazing at that off-photographed ceiling.

Since graduating from West High School in Waterloo, Gable has not taken a break from wrestling. In fact, he is called The Machine. During the past 32 months he has spent 3,000 hours training and wrestling, and he concedes that his interest in the sport borders on obsession. "But I want to win two more national titles and be on the Olympic team," he says. He won his first NCAA championship a year ago by beating defending titlist Dave McGuire of Oklahoma.

Bobby Douglas, the 1968 Olympic team captain, is sure Gable will make it. "I'm 26," he says, "and I look at him and I realize I'm getting old and tired. He's the best I've ever seen in college."

No one has been closer to Gable in recent years than Tom Peckham, a fourth-place finisher in the 1968 Olympics. "We traveled together all over Iowa one summer refinishing wrestling mats," he recalls. "No matter where we'd go, he would always be thinking about wrestling. He'd always do the physical labor the hard way, figuring it would make him tough for wrestling. And every night that we had to stay in a hotel he would go into the bathroom, stuff towels under the door, turn on the hot water and steam off a few pounds. We were also together at the Olympic training camp last summer. He was working out with a wrestler one day, and the other guy was having such a hard time against Dan that he punched him right on the chin. Dan just looked at him and said, 'Why did you do that?'"

Says Gable, "I didn't punch back because I wouldn't want to hurt anyone in practice. And I was a lot smaller than he was." Superwrestler is, obviously, not half-bad at ordinary logic. **END**

The Legend of 100 Pipers

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Indiana's Charlie Hickcox (above) won three gold medals and a silver at the Olympics and holds two world records, but he is best known on campus as the guy who used to coach the Phi Delta Theta bike team

Q. What makes Charlie swim? A. Jelly beans

They had to get out of bed at some ungodly hour, like 6 a.m., and now they are shivering and grumbling outside the Monroe County Municipal Airport. It is cold and dark in Bloomington, and the Indiana University swimmers are saying that nobody knows the troubles they've seen. Just look at what they have to fly in—a DC-3, yet! "On dates here we don't go parking," says one swimmer, casting a forlorn glance toward the runway. "It's more exciting to come out and watch the planes take off."

Charles Buchannan Hickcox II, sleepy-eyed and uncharacteristically quiet, shows up wearing an outfit that seems immoderate for the time of day—a red stocking cap, suede jacket and cream checkered slacks. This is the Charles Hickcox who holds two world records, led Indiana to its first NCAA swimming championship last spring and won three gold medals—in the 200 and 400 individual medley and the 4x100 medley relay—and a silver in the 100 backstroke at the Olympics in Mexico City. Now Hickcox is saying that he didn't sleep particularly well because his wife (the former Lesley Bush, who won a gold in

the 10-meter dive at the '64 Olympics) pulled off all the covers.

This morning the Indiana team, which will play host to the NCAA's next weekend, is heading for Minneapolis, where it is 15° below and where the University of Minnesota team undoubtedly is still in bed. Soon the DC-3, called the "Flying Prof," is careening madly down the runway, and the swimmers are bobbing around in their seats chanting, "We're up! We're down! We're up! We're down." As soon as the plane is airborne and (slowly) leaves Bloomington behind, Hickcox is out of his seat, bumming 15¢ off his coach, James E. (Doc) Counsilman, so that the team's floating poker game can resume. "Gimme 15¢, Doc," says Hickcox, "before I slap you in the head."

The respect and affection Counsilman and Hickcox have for each other is usually disguised by a put-on enmity. For example, at practice Hickcox pretends to balk at the edge of the pool because the water is too cold, and Counsilman, brandishing his belt, chases his star around and around the deck until he finally jumps in.

Suddenly there is a hubbub from the vicinity of the poker game. "Hey, Doc, I'm going to swim like hell today," someone says. "Am I ever winning money?" It is Hickcox, who has been running up his 15¢ investment. "Boy, 55! Is Lesley ever going to love me!" Counsilman stands up and points a finger. "Shut up," he roars. "You sound like Phyllis Diller."

Charlie Hickcox and his bride live in an apartment on South Walnut Street, just outside the Bloomington city limits. The first thing you see when you come in the door is a new color TV set, a wedding gift from the swimming team. The Hickcoxes broke it in by inviting the team over to watch the Super Bowl. Now it is Thursday night and this means TV night in the Hickcox household. Charlie is lounging on the sofa, watching *Perry Mason*. Lesley is standing by the stove, whipping up what she believed to be chocolate chip cookies. However, she has just realized she has been following a recipe for chocolate fudge.

The Hickcoxes started seeing each other

continued

er at the 1967 University Games in Tokyo, when Charlie taught Les how to play water polo and Les showed Charlie how to dive. "We were having such a good time that we didn't really think about what was happening," Charlie says. "She got the hook inserted."

"Now wait a minute," says Les. "You like that, don't you? You like people to think I just couldn't resist you, don't you?"

When they both made the Olympic team last September, they decided to get engaged. They were married last Dec. 14 and spent their honeymoon in Uruguay as members of a touring U.S. swimming team. Total cost of honeymoon abroad: \$88.

"I've always wanted to be a football player," Charlie says, changing the subject. "I'll have another semester of eligibility left after this spring and I'm really thinking about going out for spring practice."

He pauses to glance at Les, who has a here-we-go-again look. Charlie started the football bit as a joke—or did he?—but it has evolved. "You can't back out now," Les says, "because you've told everybody you're going to do it."

Since he is almost 6'4" and weighs barely 175 pounds, Charlie figures he will have to put on some weight for football. "I'll probably get something broken the first day," he says, "but at least I'll have had the satisfaction of trying. And maybe I'll make a great flanker."

Les sets down a plate of chocolate chip (?) cookies. Even Charlie has to admit she's made a comeback.

"You're obnoxious when you win, Charlie," someone says. The players and the cardplayers have settled down to a dull roar. Doc Counsilman has finished giving each swimmer a brown bag full of sandwiches, candy and fruit prepared the previous night by his teen-age daughter. Settling back in his seat, Doc is ready—so what else is new?—to talk. The first question is about Charlie Hickcox playing football. "A-a-a-u-h," says Counsilman. Well then, what is it that makes Hickcox possibly the best swimmer ever? This is more like it. In his 12 years at Indiana, Doc Counsilman has distinguished himself neither as a stern disciplinarian nor as a brilliant conditioner. Doc likes to think of himself as a scientist, a swimming scientist, and

Charlie Hickcox says no man on earth knows as much about stroke. Counsilman's philosophy is based largely on his famous Hurt-Pain-Agony theory: that is, a mediocre swimmer will seldom push himself past the Hurt zone, but the winners, the Charlie Hickcoxes, will go into Pain and, subsequently, Agony to perfect their strokes. Counsilman's swimmers take a perverse delight in competing for the jelly beans Doc hands out for excellence during especially arduous workouts.

"Charlie has an unusual amount of talent for swimming," Counsilman says. "It's easy to understand the concept of intelligence, but it's a more nebulous thing in athletes when you say a guy has ability. Ability is coordination, flexibility in the ankles, a big heart. Charlie varies from a lot of athletes with ability in that he works hard, too. He has the ability to punish himself. On top of this he's very coachable. I think he's the best all-round swimmer of all time."

Remember that guy named Doc Schollander? Where have you gone, Johnny Weissmuller? As he begins to elaborate, Counsilman picks an orange out of his brown bag and starts to peel it. Doc says that, while Hickcox once held two world records for backstroke events, the real keys to his ability are the world records he still holds in the individual medley events (2:10.6 for 200 meters, 4:39.0 for 400).

"The IM is the measure of the all-round swimmer," Counsilman says, finishing the last of the orange. "Schollander swam only freestyle up to middle distances. In the medley you have to master all four strokes. You know, Charlie's best stroke of all might be the butterfly, something he's never really concentrated on much."

"Did you see that?" says one of the swimmers in admiration. "Did you clock him on that orange? Doc is the fastest eater in the world. We timed him on a big chef's salad last year in two minutes 30 seconds."

The winter winds are whipping across the IU campus as Charlie Hickcox walks to class. Some of the passing students look at him curiously, but nobody recognizes him right off, like they would, say, a football player. Indeed, if Hickcox is acknowledged at all, it probably will be as the guy who used to coach

the Phi Delta Theta bike team. The annual interfraternity bike race, called the Little 500, is a big thing at IU, with perhaps 40,000 turning out to watch; swimming ranks low on campus, even with a national championship team and a handful of gold medalists. This used to bother him, Hickcox is saying, his breath visible in the air, but now he just accepts it.

"Nobody did much for us, like banquets and things, when we got back from the Olympics," he says. "I was a little upset at first. I thought about giving up swimming but I owe something to my parents, to Doc. Les and I talked about it, and with her help I worked it out. I just don't talk enough, I guess, except about Doc, and I'll talk all day about him. I don't like bigmouthed guys. I don't like a guy like Namath—but they're the ones who get the publicity. That's what Les told me. I build up antipathies and I get mad sometimes but I forget that, too. I'm just an easygoing guy. I've had a good time all my life just playing around and having a good time."

Hickcox' friends are amused when asked if Hickcox is shy or quiet. "He can play the record player louder than anyone in the whole world," says Dave Bayles, who roomed with Hickcox for awhile. "His favorite used to be *Light My Fire* by The Doors, and every night he would play it over and over as loud as it would go." In fact, the only time Hickcox gets quiet and serious is right before a big meet. "In the water," says Bayles, "he's a different guy."

"You'd think that a guy who likes everybody would lack aggression," says Counsilman, "but Charlie has a lot of drive, too." To which he adds one of his favorite homilies: "Nothing great was ever achieved without emotion."

Counsilman, too, is troubled over the fact that Hickcox hasn't gotten the acclaim accorded to, say, Schollander or even Mark Spitz, now an Indiana freshman. "I don't know," he says. "Of course, Indiana swimming hasn't gotten the recognition. We're just out of the mainstream of things, I guess, and there is a definite trend in writing to look for the Joe Namaths. The old hero image has changed."

Of all the nonattention he has received, Charlie was most disappointed when the gold medal winners weren't invited to the White House to shake hands with

the President, as Les was in 1964. "He said I had a pretty smile," says Lesley, smiling prettily, "so everything he did after that was all right with me."

The airport at Minneapolis is surrounded by great drifts of snow, and it is so cold that the IU swimmers almost claw each other to death piling into the four rental cars awaiting them. Hickcox gets into the back seat of the car driven by Counsilman, who has a penchant for wild driving and getting lost, so another of Hickcox's friends, Butterfly Steve Borowski, says that his car will lead the team to a restaurant for lunch. Less than 100 yards out of the airport, Borowski has made a wrong turn and is turning around in the parking lot of a drive-in restaurant. This puts Counsilman's car in the lead, and in no time they are in beautiful downtown Minneapolis, making U turns, going up one-way streets, screaming, laughing, hanging out of windows and doors. Doc's driving is as bad as reported, maybe worse. Obviously, he is lost. "It's this way every trip," says one of the swimmers. "Doc always thinks he knows a shortcut and he's always getting lost."

The team finally settles on a place called Diamond Lil's, but it is closed, so they run and slide their way across the street to a restaurant called—fittingly enough—Charlie's. The name of the

restaurant is stamped on all of the silverware and sugar bowls and ashtrays. Somebody says, "Hey, this is what Charlie needs." On the trip home, after Indiana beat Minnesota for its 32nd straight dual-meet victory (it now has won 38 in a row), Hickcox' gym bag kept making a funny clanking sound.

Lesley's wedding present to Charlie was a movie camera. This morning Charlie has got back two reels from the photo shop and a 1-A classification from his draft board in Phoenix, his home town. He has spent the morning on campus, finding out how to regain his student deferment, and now he is home, cranking up his projector.

One of the reels is devoted to Lesley's family. She has two brothers, Jeffrey, a promising swimmer, and David, who is quite possibly the best diving prospect in the country according to IU's diving coach, Hobie Billingsley. There are speeded-up shots of the Bush brothers eating, but the star is undeniably Lesley's father, a perfumer who works for Fabergé in Ridgefield, N.J., and who may have missed his calling. Not only does Mr. Bush resemble Groucho Marx, he reveals a real capacity for slapstick.

On this occasion there are no reels of Charlie's family. His father is 6'6" and a former star football player at the University of Arizona, where Charlie was

going before he succumbed to Counsilman's salesmanship.

"I was so much more impressed with Doc than the others," Hickcox says. "He seemed so easygoing."

There were mixed emotions on the IU campus when Mark Spitz, the second-greatest swimmer in the world, enrolled. Spitz is accustomed to being the center of attention. How would he react to playing second fiddle to Charlie Hickcox? For that matter, how would Charlie Hickcox like having Spitz around? Would discussion break up the Hoosiers, just when Counsilman was on the brink of putting together the best swimming team in collegiate history?

Hickcox showed where he stood early on. Almost as soon as Spitz set foot on campus, in fact, after he had shipped and fallen flat on his back in the unfamiliar snow, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buchanan Hickcox II threw a luncheon in Spitz's honor at their apartment. "A lot of the reason some guys don't like Mark is envy," Hickcox says. "He's got so much natural ability. Where a guy like me has to work for everything he gets, it comes easy to Mark. But everybody here likes him and that's what's important. Mark's never had any real friends. Down in Mexico some of his own teammates were pulling against him. But we're glad to have him."

However, just in case, Counsilman preserves a certain demilitarized zone by not letting his two stars swim against each other. "Charlie really likes Mark," says Counsilman. "However, he may not like him so much in a race. With a guy like Charlie on the team, you've got a tremendous stud. But with Charlie leaving, Spitz will step right in there for the next three years."

Of course, Doc doesn't know this, one day Spitz was over at the Hickcox apartment, and Charlie was off on his favorite tangent, telling the guys about how he was going to go out for the football team. Spitz is a splendid swimmer but he is also 19 years old and, therefore, still a little impressionable. "You know, I've always liked football, too," he said, "and I think it's true of any athlete that if you have the ability you can go into other sports and do well, so maybe . . ." All a guy could think of was Doc Counsilman, riding in the DC-3, saying, "A-a-a-ugh."

END



CHARLIE AND WIFE LESLEY GET ALONG FINE—IF HE DOESN'T BRING UP FOOTBALL

Some pros go back to college

Denver again won the NCAA championship as an extraordinary number of big-league scouts turned out to see the once-depicted collegiate game

Gaudy in red, white and gold, the University of Denver hockey team trooped into its dressing room beneath the Broadmoor World Arena in Colorado Springs last Saturday and made loud, happy noises. As one player dumped a paper cup of Coke on the head of a teammate, Coach Murray Armstrong bubbled, "Just boyish enthusiasm, boyish enthusiasm has always been our game."

Winning would be a better word, for Armstrong's Pioneers, not surprisingly, had just defeated Cornell 4-3 for the NCAA championship. Thus they retained the national title they won last year—and have been battling for consistently ever since Armstrong stopped selling hats 13 years ago and started selling good young Canadian hockey players on Denver.

The championship game was a thriller, with the Pioneers—led by All-American George Morrison and Keith Magnuson and backed by a wild-eyed Colorado crowd—pouring in on Cornell's All-American goalie, Ken Dryden. The first period ended 1-1, but the Pioneers enjoyed such a territorial edge it seemed only a matter of time until Dryden would weaken. Morrison put the Pioneers ahead with a rebound midway through the second period, and one Denver coed, who obviously considered the Big Red dangerous, wrung her program and murmured, "Die, Cornell, die!"

Cornell did not die; in fact it tied the game two minutes later, but the Pioneers came out winging in the third period and went ahead 4-2 after 11 minutes. When Cornell scored from in close at 18:40, Dryden came out of his net to be replaced by an extra attacker, but the Big Red failed in its try for the equalizer.

The lanky Dryden, brother of the Chicago Black Hawk goalie, Dave, had received most of the credit for the 26-1 record Cornell brought to the Broadmoor. Indeed, he had become something

of a legend in the East, losing but three games in a 70-game career and achieving a 1.65 goals-against average.

It was noteworthy that Cornell and Harvard managed to place and show in a tournament long dominated by the West (19 titles out of 22), and also that an unusually large number of NHL scouts and officials—including President Clarence S. Campbell—checked into the Broadmoor Hotel at the foot of the Rockies to be present.

The pros are going to be watching more and more college teams. Two years ago when the NHL passed a rule pre-

venting a team from drafting a boy under age 20, it quietly transformed hundreds of potential teen-age pros into potential students first, pros later. Before the rule, which was passed to help the new West Division catch up with the old, an NHL club could obtain the rights to a boy at 17 and entice him to turn pro. Now that same boy has a few years to go before he can sign, so he looks around, and suddenly the chance to play hockey and also get a college education doesn't seem so outlandish.

Historically the NHL coaches have disliked college hockey for two reasons: 1) there aren't enough games, and 2) the rules prohibit violent forechecking. "In the NHL, forechecking is the name of the game," said St. Louis Coach Scotty Bowman last week. "Did you notice all those defensemen freezing the puck along the boards here? They do that in their own zone because they know they can't get hit from behind. In the NHL a forechecking team would put those guys through the glass."



DRYDEN OF CORNELL GUARDS NET AS DENVER'S MORRISON (18) GOES TOWARD PUCK

"I think a boy forfeits a great deal of his potential playing in college instead of going straight into Junior A," said one scout. "Here, at the most critical period of his development, he's exposing himself to inferior competition, slowing himself down."

"In the past 10 years more than a thousand boys have come down from Canada to play hockey in American colleges," said Clarence Campbell. "Those who have gone on to careers in the NHL can be counted on one hand. A college hockey player should be able to look forward to a career in pro hockey just as much as his classmates can look forward to one in pro football, basketball or baseball. But because of the difference in rules and the lack of programs extensive and intensive enough to develop his potential, the odds are stacked against the college hockey player."

"Sometimes I just shudder when I see what happens to the kid turning pro out of college," said another scout. "Like Dennis Hextall in his first year in Knoxville. He was trying to get used to pro rules and a faster, rougher game. Fortunately for the Rangers, Dennis is a tough kid."

Thus the case for the prosecution. Hear Armstrong for the defense.

"The rules don't make that much difference," he says. "There's a period of adjustment for any boy turning pro, regardless of the sport. The boy coming out of Junior A has to make an adjustment, and the NHL clubs give him time to make it. But they lose patience with the college boy."

"I'll tell you why the pros knock the colleges. We're going to cost them more money, that's why. They say we hold a boy back. What they really worry about is how much more it's going to cost to sign that boy at 21 than it would have at 17. Look at our captain, Tom Maler. At 17 he'd have cost the Rangers \$7,000 if he had decided to play Junior A. Now Maler will have a degree in civil engineering. Pratt & Whitney would start him at \$12,000 or \$13,000 and toss in all those benefits, too. If New York offers him \$7,000 he'll laugh in their faces. For Tom to play pro hockey, they're going to have to start talking in terms of \$25,000. After four years in Junior A a boy doesn't have a bargaining position like that."

Echoing Armstrong, an honest (and therefore determined to remain anonymous)

NHL scout, sighed and said, "Let's face it. For my purpose I'd rather deal with the big, dumb 195-pounder anytime. But now, instead of getting the big, dumb 17-year-old, we're getting the big, smart 21-year-old, and half of them have lawyers with them. Things have changed, and we'd just better make up our minds that we're going to be talking to college boys a lot more from now on."

Most of them wish they could still talk to George Morrison, Denver's sophomore All-America whom the Rangers landed prior to the age ruling. A tall (6'7"), skinny (165 pounds) left wing, Morrison has the fresh-scrubbed look and haystack haircut of a farm kid who should be carrying a pitchfork instead of a curved stick. But in 32 games (counting playoffs) Super Soph, as George is called, scored 40 goals, including five hat tricks, and had a pair of four-goal games. Morrison became the first player in Western Collegiate Hockey Association history to win the scoring championship as a sophomore and acquired more votes than anybody else on the All-League team. He is at his best around the crease. When traffic gets heavy he looks like Plastic Man, bending and twisting away from big, menacing defenders.

"It's funny how I wound up at Denver," Morrison says. "I'd played around my home town [Scarborough, Ontario, a Toronto suburb], but I had no particular plans. Then a friend who had gone to Denver asked me if I'd like to play hockey in college. I said sure. Within a few days I was out here taking exams. It all happened only a few weeks before school started, and I couldn't be happier."

Morrison is typical of the stars Armstrong so often grabs and suits up for. Denver At 51, Armstrong has wispy white hair and wears black horn-rims. His tongue is persuasive, and he appears to coach as well as he talks. The Pioneers had decided in 1956 to go out and get themselves a hockey coach (Never any great shakes in the staple sports. Denver gave up football in 1960.) They made a pitch to Armstrong, a highly successful Junior A coach and hat salesman in Regina, Saskatchewan. Armstrong, who has since become wealthy through a string of apartment houses and the Jet-X Car Wash chain throughout Canada, promised the school a national championship in three years. Denver won it in his second year and again



COACH ARMSTRONG EXHORTS PIONEERS

in 1960, 1961 and 1968. The club finished second in 1963 and 1964, third in 1966. In 13 years Armstrong's record is 289-99-22, the best in college hockey. And this year, when he coached the Pioneers to twin victories over the Canadian national team, he acquired what amounted to Bear Bryant stature.

It has been suggested—as it always is with regard to powerhouses in any college sport—that Armstrong has substantially more money to dole out to his athletes than his contemporaries. It has also been murmured that Denver's academic requirements are conveniently lower than those in the Big Ten and the East.

Just sour grapes, says Michigan State Coach Amo Bessone. "Hockey is the big sport at Denver, the moneymaker," Bessone points out. "Hockey to Denver is like football to Michigan State. They go all out for Murray because he goes all out for them. I only wish I had the time to recruit that he has. After this tournament he's off into Canada to scout the Junior playoffs, and by May he'll have all his prospects lined up for next year. Me? I've got a handball class to teach."

END

'The real freaks don't go out in winter'

It's 13° and the beach at Rye, N.H. is mounded high with snow (above), but the surf is up and the winter surfers—a hardy and circumspect breed, which flourishes along the New England coast—are catching rides

Needless to say, spring is here. But the snow still lies thickly above the tide line on the New England beaches from Maine to Rhode Island. Last week it was 10° in Portland, Me., 13° in Rye, N.H. and 24° in Hull, Mass., and offshore a handful of surfers bobbed on their boards in their black rubber wet suits like strange, awkward seals.

In Hawaii and Florida and South Africa, the summer is, indeed, endless for surfers. But in New England the surfing season is over shortly after Labor Day, when the nor'easters and blizzards sweep alongshore, bringing the year's biggest waves. Then only the dedicated surfers are out. There are no girls to impress. The winter surfers know who they are and what they want. "The real freaks don't go out in winter," says Roger Crawford, who owns a board shop in Hull. "No one can surf in winter unless he can organize his ideas and his life."

If the waves are big and ridable, few extremes of weather are too severe for the winter surfer. At Maine's Higgins Beach one day a year ago, six surfers plowed through chest-high snowdrifts in a 15° blizzard. Nonsurfers suspect insanity, but they don't understand, "If they could just paddle out there and see

that great, beautiful wave coming up behind them," says Pete Laszlo, "they'd stop shaking their heads." Laszlo is working for his doctor's in marine biology at the University of New Hampshire, and he has always loved the sea. He was quite a skier at one time, but that was before he caught his first big wave. "Skiing?" he says. "Forget it. When I was skiing my wife never saw me tossing and turning at 4 a.m., looking at my watch, thinking this might be the day, then rushing to the beach at dawn. When you're standing on that board there are no bindings to hold your feet on, no rope to pull you to the starting point. I skied for many years, but I never screamed my lungs out at the bottom of a hill as I sometimes do now."

Two days after the blizzard that crippled the Northeast last month, most New England beaches were "closed out," too rough to surf, but at Rye the waves were both perfectly formed and up to 12 feet from trough to curl. The surfers were euphoric, some emitting Tarzanlike howls as they rode shoreward. Later, on the beach, Pete Laszlo was still wound up. "This is the most fantastically exciting thing I've ever done," he said. "That wave may have traveled hundreds

of miles, and if you're lucky you have it for 30 seconds."

In 1964, when winter surfing began in Massachusetts, Hobie Alter, owner of Hobie Surfboards, the world's largest maker, came East from California to have a look. "I was selling boards in Massachusetts, but I couldn't believe it," he says now. "I thought they were crazy. I wouldn't have gone out wearing two wet suits."

The wet suit, however, is an extremely effective insulator. On submerging, a thin layer of water leaks in and almost immediately warms to skin temperature. "Aren't you freezing?" is the stock question asked by disbelieving spectators, huddled on the beach or in their cars. Steve Watson, a Portsmouth, N.H. teacher, is used to the question. "I just take off my glove and pour the water on the pavement," he says. "It steams. They're colder than we are."

Despite their warming qualities, wet suits have disadvantages. Most winter surfers wear a rubber hood to cover their heads, but faces are always bare. "When a wave hits you on the forehead in winter," says Sonny Perkins, of Portland, "it's like the pain you'd get from gulping down a gallon of freezing ice cream.



The suits are very constricting and, especially when full of water, are difficult to swim in. "If you wipe out and have to swim 150 yards to shore you're in trouble," says Roger Crawford. "New water starts seeping in, and it's awfully cold. You've got to get hold of your faculties real fast. If you can't do this you give up surfing in the winter." Gary Hunnissett, who is going for a doctorate in zoology at New Hampshire, learned one of the hazards of cold-water surfing the hard way at Rye last year. "The waves were big, maybe 10 feet, and thick like a wall," he recalls. "Catch them right or you're wiped out. I finally got one, looked down and panicked. The water seemed too shallow. I tried to roll out, but was thrown forward over my board, did a somersault in the wave and was ground against the bottom. It was like being in a washing machine. Suddenly I felt my suit ripping off me. My rubber boots and socks ripped off. It seemed like an hour before I crawled ashore like a turtle. I was very humble for quite a while."

In one way or another, attitudes toward competition are at the root of winter surfing. Those who feel that contests grate against the essentially individualistic appeal of the sport find the deserted winter beaches to their liking. And those who hope to contend with surfers from warmer climates

simply must remain active. "The Florida and Virginia kids don't miss a week year-round," says Sonny Perkins. "You either surf in winter and stay in shape for summer, or you have to start all over again in spring."

"You don't get any better in winter," says 18-year-old Chuck Almeida of Middletown, R.I., "because if you try anything now you might fall off and have to swim in. But you do hold on to what skill you have."



HELMET'S OPTIONAL BUT NOT WET SUIT

Sub-zero temperatures, blizzards, small-craft warnings and misadventures of dementia do not quail the winter surfer, so why should such annoyances as marriage and school? "We've been married six years," says Steve Watson's wife, Sue, "and I still don't know who I'm married to. He's in the water 90% of the time, summer and winter."

"I come home after a hard day at school," Watson replies, "and I surf instead of having a martini."

Sonny Perkins has a demanding schedule at Southern Maine Vocational Technical Institute, and doesn't cut too many classes, but sometimes he goes out around 5 a.m., arriving at school with ice in his hair and salt in his eyes. "It's lots of fun changing into a wet suit at the beach in winter," he says. "It's like putting on a wet rag."

Down in Newport, R.I., the water is slightly warmer, and the temptation is too great for a group of high school surfers. "One December morning the surf was just right," an 18-year-old related the other day. "I got up at 7:30 and said I felt sick. I got the thermometer and put it under the hot water. It read 104°, so I put it under the cold water till it went down to 102°. 'Boy, you are sick,' my mother said. 'If my temperature is O.K. at 10:30, can I go for a little ride in the car?' I asked. The tide was right then. It was great, but she saw me coming back with my wet suit. I'd had it. Next day my algebra teacher said, 'How was the surf yesterday? But if your marks are good they don't mind.'"

Winter surfing makes strange board-fellows, but by providing a common passion it makes them compatible. John Peterson, 58, is general counsel as well as a teacher for the Christian Science Church, and is as proper as a Bostonian could be. As a teacher, however, he was concerned about getting through to high school and college youngsters. Since he has donned a wet suit he has found he can speak the language. As do most articulate winter surfers, Peterson talks of the sport's subtleties. "Man can't walk on water ordinarily," he says, "but now, with a piece of board, he's not only walking but dancing, too, and going fast." And the cold reminds him of skiing. "They're both shifting activities," he says, "constantly calling on your reflexes, but in skiing the mountain is stationary. In surfing you move and the water moves, too."

END

Onward the feminine invasion

As the number of lady jockeys proliferates—winning jockeys, at that—a group of determined women takes over a major show ring

Behind a lot of successful horse shows stand the women, and the recent Phoenix extravaganza is a fine example of what can happen when the ladies get busy. More than 700 horses and ponies were entered, a sizable number for any show and certainly impressive for one that is just 6 years old. Proceeds benefited the Phoenix Zoo, and the ladies of the auxiliary donned zebra-striped dresses and handled everything from the ushering chores to acting as bus girls in the bar.

Women dominated inside the ring also. DeAnn Mitchell rode Mr. and Mrs. Walter Love's Fleet Apple to win the jumper sweepstakes and championship, Julianne Schmutz' horses were awarded the three- and five-gated championships and Mrs. John Pritzlaff Jr. won all the fine harness classes she entered and several pony events.

A former co-chairman of the show, Mary Dell Pritzlaff was back in the ring after an absence of almost 20 years. When she used to show horses, in Illinois and Missouri, she developed an allergic reaction. "I used to ride with the reins in one hand and a handkerchief in the other," she recalled. "I finally had to stop, but they said I would eventually get over it."

About six years ago, when the Phoenix show was started, she found that although the allergies had not disappeared the reaction had lessened, so she went to Bob Lewis in California and bought a gated horse and a walk trot. Next, she became interested in ponies and acquired Jubilee's Danny Dee—with whom she won the Harness Pony Amateur Stake at Phoenix. Now she has started breeding ponies as well as having five to show, plus two fine harness horses.

Away from the shows she and her husband have been active in the Republican Party for 20 years. John is serving his fourth term in the Arizona legislature, and Mary Dell was on the platform committee at the 1968 national convention and was the regional director of Women for Nixon. This summer they plan a vacation from politics and horses—their fifth African camera safari. Fourteen-year-old John III, one of four children, also drives and won two seconds at Phoenix. Although Mary Dell's allergies have lessened, she was having a sneezing fit as she drove Monty Scott up to receive the winner's floral blanket.

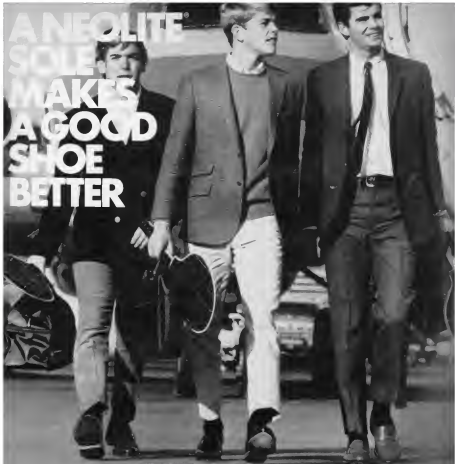
The most-talked-about class of the show, however, was not the fine harness stake but the concluding event, the five-gated championship. Earlier in the week the mare stake had been won by the Zellerbach Stables' Hayfield's Belle with Trainer Rae Deane Hough in the saddle. Teen-ager Julianne Schmutz, on her newly acquired Chapel Belle, was second. Rae Deane, a professional who started a career as a concert pianist and played as guest artist at 16 with the San Francisco Symphony, gave up music for horses and has run a public stable for the last 13 years. She now works 34 horses, all the barn will hold. Last year Hayfield's Belle was The American Horse Shows Association's high-point gaited horse of the year, and another horse in her stable, Look-A-Here, was the high-point walk trot. She and her husband split up recently, and he got Look-A-Here while she kept Hayfield's Belle.

Chapel Belle also has an excellent record, so the championship stake in which the two mares met promised to be lively, and it was. After the nine entries had worked, Judge Edward M. Teater was still apparently uncertain and sent the two mares back to the rail to work again. It seemed to the audience that he preferred Hayfield's Belle because he watched her so much, but when he handed in his card and the decision was announced, Chapel Belle was the winner and champion. Still, the crowd gave its loudest cheers to Hayfield's Belle, prompting Rae Deane to observe it was one of the few times she could lose and still get a thrill out of it.



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LEADING CHEERS FOR KENTUCKY WESLEYAN IS PRESIDENT HAROLD HAMILTON

Old pros—like the Celtics

That's the way one Wesleyan player aptly described his team when it came through in the finals after barely surviving the early rounds

The stands filled early on championship night in Evansville, Ind. These were the NCAA's small colleges playing for their national title, and one of the finalists, Kentucky Wesleyan, really was small (1,183 students). There was nothing small, however, about a big-hearted rooster who greeted the Panthers as they ran out on the floor Friday night. As obvious as the nose on W. C. Fields' face, he stood at courtside in a shiny gray suit and let each passing Wesleyan player slap his upturned hands.

"I'm Harold P. Hamilton, the school president," the man said, "and I'm the most ardent cheerleader the team has. If you watch me, you'll see me leading cheers over here in a second."

Harold P. Hamilton was as good as

his word, but why he was so enthusiastic before this game against Southwest Missouri State College was something of a mystery. Southwest, with an enrollment about eight times that of Wesleyan, had moved comfortably through the eight-team, three-day tournament to the finals. President Hamilton's hand slappers meanwhile had looked like the skinniest, sleepest, sloppiest team in town. The Panthers were fooling around, winning games on shoestrings and wishbones, and their young coach, Bob Daniels, was getting permanent creases in his brow. "This team puzzles me," he said. "We haven't played a good game yet and here we are in the finals. Somebody must be looking out for us."

There was no excuse for Wesleyan's

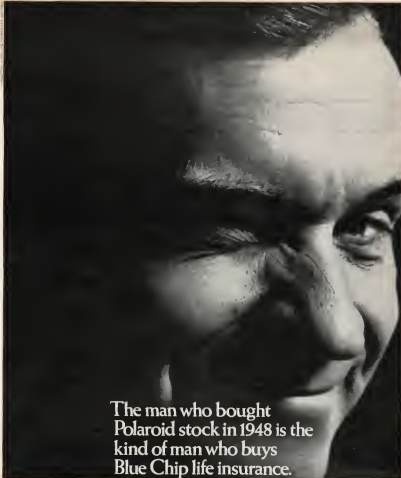
unchampionship behavior. Inexperience? Back from last season's national champions were four starters. And one of them, senior forward George Tinsley, has been hanging around Wesleyan since World War II—at least it seems that way. Hostile area? Wesleyan did not have to play a tournament game more than 35 miles from home. The regionals were held on Wesleyan's home floor in Owensboro and the finals a few hundred thousand dribbles up the road in Evansville. A Wesleyan lad actually bounced a ball all the way from Owensboro to Evansville, nearly a five-hour trip by sneaker, only to blow his crisp shot when he finally reached the floor at Roberts Municipal Stadium.

The Panthers had to use all their experience and all Daniels' guile to maneuver past previously unbeaten Alcorn A&M in the regional, but then American International of Springfield, Mass. really had them tied to the railroad tracks in last week's semifinals. With no time showing on the scoreboard and only a tick of the clock left to play an overtime, American's Bob Rutherford was on the foul line with a bonus opportunity. A miss would give Wesleyan the game, but one successful toss would tie it and two would win. He missed, and the final buzzer sounded as Wesleyan's John Duncan grabbed the rebound.

Southwest Missouri, one of five colleges located in Springfield, was having no truck with hairy escapes in its own end of the tournament bracket, which was only to be expected considering what Coach Bill (Jinx) Thomas has to work with: 11 scholarships. Not bad compared with Montclair State, the Bears' first victim last week, which has exactly zero. The Bears won five of seven games played against schools classified as major, including a home-and-away sweep of NIT member Southern Illinois, and what in the name of small-college basketball was a team with such a program doing in Evansville? "We're too big to be little and too little to be big," said Thomas.

The Southwest players were more than just athletes, too. Curtis Perry, the 6' 7" pivot from Washington, D.C., also is a cartoonist and poet, specializing in satires of his opposition. Guard Willie Jenkins has written a children's book entitled *Down by One*, aimed at inspiring the kids living in the St. Louis ghetto to where he grew up.

Trotting out on the floor for their



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first game, the Bears received the most unusual greeting in the 12-year history of the college division playoffs. The scoreboard, being lowered so that team nameplates could be changed, suddenly cut loose from its moorings and crashed to the center of the floor. Nobody was hurt, although Southwest's Ron Fife, chasing his warmup ball about five feet away, was badly shaken up. "I was bending over to pick up my ball," said Fife. "And all of a sudden there was the scoreboard." Officials pulled an old manual board out of the past, stationed it at courtside and Southwest proceeded to eliminate Montclair 92-76.

The scoreboard was battered but back in operation for Southwest's semifinal game against Ashland of Ohio, the nation's top-ranked team in both final wire-service polls. The Eagles had built their reputation by playing offense deliberately and defense as if it were a matter of national security, allowing a microscopic average of 32.3 points per game. Ashland's young coach, Bill Musselman, brought the best act into Evansville—a neo-Globetrotter warmup routine, a special bench with "Nation's No. 1 Defense" written on it, a gold sideline carpet and a purple eagle mascot. Unfortunately, the Eagles left their shooting touch at home. They made only 29% of their shots while eliminating Illinois State 41-35 in the first round.

"I can't believe it," raged Musselman, who chewed out his team behind locked doors after the game and had them out shooting for two hours on Thursday morning. He should have believed it. In the semifinals Ashland fell behind 7-0, then shot only 35% while falling to Southwest Missouri 58-48. Musselman's Eagles neither stopped Merton Bancroft and Perry inside nor Chuck Williams' long, arching bombs from the outside. "So much for Barnum and Bailey," said Perry in the dressing room.

The way Wesleyan's Daniels had the final against Southwest Missouri figured, his team's hopes for a third national championship in four years depended primarily on how successfully his good guards, Gene Smith and Tommy Hobgood, could press their Southwest counterparts. This pressure would hopefully disrupt the Bears enough to keep them from working the ball inside, where Perry and Bancroft had a huge edge over Wesleyan's Dick (The Stick) O'Neill. Painfully hobbled by torn cartilage in his left knee, O'Neill played this entire season against his doctor's advice and he was scheduled to have an operation four days after the tournament.

Once the championship game started, it quickly developed into one that buffs in Owensboro and Springfield will be talking about for winters to come. With Tinsley and Hobgood hitting from out-

side and with Southwest momentarily befuddled by the Panthers' aggressive man-to-man defense, Wesleyan seized the initiative and led 15-7 with less than six minutes gone. The Kentuckians upped it to 10 late in the half, 36-26, and then, suddenly, produced a lovely explosion that should have put Southwest so deep in a hole it could not have dug itself out with a bulldozer. Within a 23-second period, Wesleyan's guards, Smith and Hobgood, stole the ball three straight times and laid in easy shots. The outburst shot the Panthers ahead by 21 points at halftime and their play was far and away their best since opening their title defense against Transylvania College.

This was a perfect chance for Southwest to fold, but the Bears did nothing of the sort. Instead, when Wesleyan began slowing it up and playing more cautiously in the second half, Southwest gradually chipped away at the lead until, with only 58 seconds remaining, Wesleyan was down to a four-point cushion, 71-67. But Duncan and Tinsley each hit two foul shots and the game ended with Bancroft scoring an uncontested layup to make the final score Wesleyan 75, Southwest 71.

"I have nothing but admiration for our kids," said Thomas after leaving the silent Southwest dressing room. "They made one of the most unbelievable comebacks this tournament has ever seen." Next door Daniels was accepting congratulations for his second championship in two years as head coach.

The happiest players in the dressing room were Wesleyan's three senior starters. Tinsley, who scored 23 points and headed the all-tournament team, became the first player ever to start for three national champions (he played as a freshman). "Not even Lew Alcindor can beat that," he said. Hobgood, after scoring only 10 points in his previous two games, responded with 20 in his last college effort. O'Neill, who lumped off the floor after fouling out late in the second half said, "We rise to the occasion like old pros, like the Celtics."

The final word belonged to President Hamilton, who got the microphone after the awards ceremonies. "O.K., this is what you're waiting for," he told his Kentucky Wesleyan students. "Monday will be a holiday for a victory celebration." And for some more cheerleading by Harold P. Hamilton.

END



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The Ultimate Confrontation

by ROBERT CANTWELL

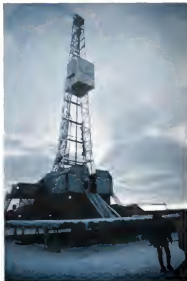
It has come in the Brooks Range of Alaska, a majestic wilderness where wolves are many and people are rare—or were, until oil gushed at Prudhoe Bay

Sir John Franklin, having left his dying wife in London—she insisted that he depart as scheduled to search for the Northwest Passage—reached his westernmost point at a place he called Prudhoe Bay. He was on the Arctic coast of Alaska, where a featureless plain extended away to the south and ended in a maze of sharp-peaked mountains. One can locate Sir John's Prudhoe Bay in two ways today: on old mariners' charts of the Arctic Ocean or on new maps of the world's oil resources. It is the place where oil was discovered last year in what geologists suspect is one of the largest petroleum fields in the world, bigger than East Texas, bigger than Oklahoma and perhaps as big as Iraq. But Sir John had nothing good to say of the bay. Defeated by the shallowness of the water, the height of the surf, the violence of the gales and the absence of shelter, he had to turn back. That was in 1826, and for the next 142 years Prudhoe Bay cropped up only in a few accounts by Arctic explorers, who re-

garded it with even less enthusiasm than Franklin.

Nonetheless, Prudhoe Bay deserves some enthusiasm and attention now, not just in connection with the oil strike there but in terms of how the strike might affect sport, wildlife, conservation, wilderness areas and the attitudes of man toward his environment in this very substantial section of America. It happens that between the oilfield on Prudhoe Bay and the rest of the world lies the Brooks Range, 500 miles long and 150 miles wide, the largest untouched wilderness on the North American continent. Half the Dall sheep of the world live there, as well as enormous herds of caribou—at least 440,000, according to a cautious official estimate last year, and perhaps as many as 1.2 million—and impressive numbers of grazers, moose and wolves. The question that arises is not the familiar one of keeping a wild environment forever wild. The issue goes deeper than that, and it should, and it will have to be resolved by more informed and careful thinking than the do-we-exploit or don't-we-exploit philosophies that have dictated natural resources development in this country for years.

It was, perhaps ironically, the discovery of the wonders of the Brooks Range that led to the establishment



continued

CONFRONTATION *continued*

of wilderness areas in the national forests of the continental United States. Robert Marshall, the first director of recreation in the U.S. Forest Service, made six exploring trips into the Brooks Range when it was unmapped and unknown. There, in the early '30s, he formed his wilderness philosophy, and he adopted the combative and intransigent position that has been the attitude of American conservationists toward their opponents ever since. "The development of Alaskan resources should be retarded," Marshall bluntly told a Senate committee in 1938—and never mind what natural wealth might be hidden in the wilderness. Marshall urged that the whole area—not only the Brooks Range, but the coastal plain north of it, everything between the Yukon and the Arctic Ocean—should be zoned by the Federal Government to prevent any sort of industrial exploitation.

Until the Prudhoe Bay oil discovery, it seemed Marshall had a case. As far as the Brooks Range was concerned, it made sense; there were no people in the range anyway. The mountains were seen, if at all, from the air. More forbidding than the Rockies, the peaks crowded one upon the other in incredible density and variety, massive pyramids and needle-shaped spires, great metallic-looking domes and vast gray slopes slashed with black ravines and ridges, seeming less like a mountain range than something knocked over and broken in a cosmic disaster that left enormous fragments of wreckage scattered over the frozen earth.

But who could reasonably argue, after the discovery of the largest oilfield in North America, that its development should be prevented for the sake of those gigantic stones? The first news of the Prudhoe Bay oil discovery reached Fairbanks, Alaska on Jan. 16, 1968. The Fairbanks *Daily News-Miner* reported guardedly that the new well was, except for some test wells in a Navy oil reserve, the only important gas discovery ever made on the Arctic slope. That was an understatement. It was among the largest producing oil wells ever drilled. A little later the *Alaska Conservation Review* reported a meeting of Fairbanks conservationists with this headline: OIL BOOM THREATENS WILDLIFE RANGES. But nei-

ther conservationists nor oilmen had much to say. The atmosphere was like that in the dugout in the seventh inning of a no-hitter. And then, rather dramatically, the tension shifted to ninth-inning levels when Alaska's governor, Walter J. Hickel, was named Secretary of the Interior, an appointment that led to sharp questioning about his conservation and oil philosophies—and intentions. The Brooks Range was now not only geologically famous, but politically famous, too.

Winter hits Prudhoe Bay, the Brooks Range and Fairbanks like a frigid explosion. The lights go out. The curtain falls. For two months the mountains are a region of leaden gray-and-black shadows, with short periods of twilight at midday. It is a silent world of dim crags, large stars, dark stands of dwarf spruce trees, ice-covered rivers and frozen waterfalls hundreds of feet high. Unbelievably, a dozen species of birds remain in the mountains all winter—ptarmigan, ravens, snowy owls, gyrfalcons, jays and crossbills. Dall sheep also remain, staying on the north slopes where light snow and the prevailing winds keep the ridges bare. Caribou browse in the spruce forests south of the mountains, tawny gray shapes so completely hidden by darkness and their own restless movements that no one knows precisely where the main herds winter, except that it is somewhere between the Koyukuk and the Yukon in an unpeopled wilderness the size of Pennsylvania. Last year a herd of considerable size—92,000 according to a government wildlife expert—moved on its traditional migration path from the lichen-covered coastal plain to winter in the narrow valleys in the wildest part of the Brooks Range. For the first time the animals passed, on their way, the Atlantic Richfield drilling crews working on their wells at Prudhoe Bay.

Spring arrives like the opening of the *1812 Overture*. The sun, absent since November, comes back as a faint glow in the south. Sunlight touches the tops of the mountains, while the valleys are still black as night. Each day sunshine descends lower on the slopes, and soon it is daylight all the time. In early April the sun sets about 10 at night and rises at 2



in the morning. The rest of the time there is a soft glow, like sunrise. The lights blaze up, the curtain rises and sounds like cannon roaring and armies clashing reverberate as avalanches start and frozen waterfalls crash down. In the last two weeks of May the ice breaks up on the rivers. Diamond Jenness, a young archaeologist, was stranded near Prudhoe Bay during the winter of 1913 and left an account of the coming of the season:



The Brooks Range sweeps 500 miles from Canada to the Bering Sea. Deep blue portion of inset shows area covered by large map.

"Water began to flow everywhere. New birds appeared. . . . The rivers broke out all along the coast; their roar could be heard twenty miles away and their dark waters, newly exposed to the light, reflected the somberness of the sky above. Spring had reached us at last."

When the light grows strong the caribou move north through the mountains, the cows, heavy with calves, breaking the way through the snow, the bulls follow-

ing leisurely later on, with the wolves, some of them the size of ponies, following both. "You better leave the wolves out of it," says Bill Snedden, the publisher of the *Daily News-Miner*, "or you'll really get in trouble." No one can say anything about wolves in Alaska without starting a sort of scientific bar-room fight prompted by outrageous pro-wolf or anti-wolf assertions made by people who know little about wolves. The

newspapers print more about wolves than they do about oil, if you count the correspondence columns. A wolf in the Brooks Range lives well, killing one caribou a week, on the average, or about 50 a year. (This is not an outrageous deduction of my own; it can be found on page 193 of *Nanaimist*, by Helge Ingstad, a Norwegian scientist who lived for a year in the central Brooks Range.) Heading for their calving grounds on the north

continued

side of the mountains, into country too bleak and remote for wolves, last year's migrants, or one herd of them, had to pass a second oil well being drilled on the Sagavanirktok River, seven miles from the discovery well.

Because of the difficulty of spelling or pronouncing Sagavanirktok—an Eskimo word for fast water—the river usually is called the Sag. Not a big river, by the standards of the world's immense rivers, the Sagavanirktok is nonetheless historic. It flows steeply from the mountains into Prudhoe Bay, and in some fashion or other most of the few explorers in the Brooks Range have followed its course. The second well is called Sag River One. On June 25, 1968 news reached Fairbanks that Sag River One had come in. This time the *News-Miner* reported that the field was evidently one of the world's biggest. Within months, 12 drilling rigs had been flown over the mountains to the new field, the freight planes of Alaska Airlines and Interior Airways were booked ahead for 450 flights. (Current figures have dwarfed these, flights from Fairbanks now reach 120 a day, and planes are reported booked for 5,000 flights.)

Never has there been a place so plainly at the end of one epoch and the beginning of another. In the Kobuk Bar in Fairbanks an airline executive says, "Last month we had 17 pilots. This week we have 41." There was a meeting of hunters and conservationists in the clubhouse of the Tanana Valley Sportsman's Association to discuss "The Impact of Oil and Gas Discoveries on the Resources of Alaska." A professor said, yes, oil was a valuable economic resource, but wildlife, vegetation, scenery and wilderness represented potential dollars, too. Yet the conservationists sounded discouraged. Not that the Brooks Range or the coastal plain north of it are in immediate danger of devastation. The uninhabited area concerned is about the size of Italy. Local enthusiasm for the oil discovery was combined with a sense of regret at the end of isolation for the mountains. The world was about to discover the Brooks Range.

The Brooks Range has always been mysterious. The men who explored it



The youthful Dall suspected murder.

were young. Their reports were squirreled away, printed in private editions, lost or buried in scientific volumes with forbidding titles and few readers. Forty years after Sir John Franklin first laid eyes on the range the next explorer, Robert Kennicott, aged 30, saw it from a distance—and turned back. In 1865 farsighted people were sure it would never be possible to lay a cable under the Atlantic Ocean, and Kennicott was employed by Perry McDonough Collins to seek an alternate route across Canada and Alaska to Siberia.



Kennicott sought a route to Russia.

Kennicott had made expeditions into northern Canada and was almost the only American with both scientific training and Arctic experience. But on this exploration he was soon stranded in the Russian trading post of Nulato, near the junction of the Yukon and the Koyukuk. From there he traveled north "in search of a pass for telegraphic purposes" and found none. "Nothing was seen but continuous ranges of snow-covered mountains rolling one over another for God knows how many miles." Back at Nulato, Kennicott wrote, "I am going to succeed fully by God if it is only to put myself in a position to punish those who have been the cause of this absurd outfit." When spring arrived he exercised every morning on the sand beside the Yukon and made compass bearings of landmarks. One May morning he did not return, and members of his party found him lying dead among diagrammed compass figures he had marked in the sand. His death was attributed to heart failure. (The Kennecott Copper Corporation was later named for the dead explorer, but the company organizers misspelled his name.)

"He was murdered," said William Healy Dall, who succeeded Kennicott in the cable route search. Dall talked that way. He was only 21 when he took over. Nobody else wanted the job. In his new post of responsibility Dall tossed around accusations of murder, madness, poisoning, theft and drunken orgies as if he were writing a school paper on how he spent his summer vacation. He looked like a schoolboy, but he was in fact a tireless and fearless collector for the Smithsonian (Dall sheep ultimately were named for him), filling 27 kegs with Arctic plants and picking up shells, bones, skulls, fossils, eggs, fish, furs, Indian ornaments, pipes, carvings, arrows, spears, sleds, snowshoes, canoes, pottery and 4,550 geological specimens. Dall kept a diary. Alaska was then a Russian penal colony, and he was convinced that the convicts sent there were those too bad to be merely exiled to Siberia. He saw the Russian officials as men "of great energy and iron will, with a fondness for strong liquor and ungovernable passions in certain directions."



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It was a trying life for a well-born Bostonian whose scientific training consisted of an unfinished medical course at Harvard. "I rolled myself in a blanket and after some difficulty got to sleep," he wrote at one point. "The rain continued, the Russians were holding an orgy; the dogs howled all night; the roof leaked." Dall eventually made his way 630 miles up the Yukon to a point where he could see the mountains of the Brooks Range to the north. He realized he must be seeing from the south the same range that Sir John Franklin had seen from the Arctic Ocean, but he assumed that, apart from the peaks (where the Arctic National Wildlife Range is now located), only low hills and a level plain lay between the Yukon and the northern sea.

Another youngster, Henry Tureman Allen, aged 26, proved how wrong Dall was. Fresh out of West Point and possessed of a fanatical determination to explore Alaska, Allen was discouraged by the War Department. But he won the support of General Nelson Miles, who in 1885 persuaded the War Department to change its mind for the elementary reason that Alaska had now become U.S. territory and someone should see what we had bought. The Army surrendered with ill grace. Allen was told that he could have no more than three men in his party, including himself, that he could spend only \$2,000 and that he must not let his party go hungry because, "you now have ample funds." He was to gather "all information which will be valuable and important, especially to the military branch of the government."

Thus cheered on his way, Allen set out in 1885 with a private and sergeant on an exploring achievement that ranks with those of Lewis and Clark. He made his way up the Copper River in southern Alaska, over the Alaska Range and down the Tanana to the Yukon, charting these river systems for the first time. Then he decided to take a look at the Koyukuk. He headed north some 200 miles over land he said was as saturated as a wet sponge. He had not intended to explore the Koyukuk, but where he encountered it—1,030 river-miles from the sea—the Koyukuk was 300 yards wide, 14 feet deep and moving four miles an hour. He



Army's Allen had a "strong desire"

thought that perhaps it flowed from some immense lake in the flatlands that Dall said stretched to the Arctic. But after polling upstream for seven days Allen became aware of cold winds that had to come from snow peaks. He turned north up a big tributary, later called John River, and found himself in the central Brooks Range, with snow-covered mountains stretching from east to west along the northern horizon.

Allen's book about this trip has perhaps the least fetching title in the annals of exploration. He called it *Report of an*



But Navy's Stoney had real support.

Expedition to the Copper, Tanana and Koyukuk Rivers in the Territory of Alaska for the Purpose of Obtaining All Information which Will Be Valuable and Important Especially to the Military Branch of the Government. Whether or not this was an elliptical reference to his orders, it killed the sale of the book. But Allen's later career was so distinguished—he was commander of the Army of Occupation in Germany in 1919 and military attaché to Berlin and Moscow—that his youthful exploration was forgotten. He named the mountains for William Endicott, the Secretary of War in Cleveland's administration, and a generation passed before it was known that half a dozen separate chains—the Romanzof Mountains, the Endicotts and others—were part of a single connected range. The whole range was then named for Dr. Alfred Brooks, an Alaskan authority and director of the U.S. Geological Survey.

Lieutenant Allen did not know it, but in that same winter of 1885 a Navy expedition reached the Brooks Range only 130 miles west of where he was. Lieutenant George Stoney headed a party of six officers and 12 men. They spent the months of darkness in a cabin they called Fort Cosmos. Unlike Allen, Stoney was a vivid writer, but he was even more unfortunate: his book disappeared. One of his officers, Ensign William Howard (aged 26), became the first explorer ever to cross through the mountains to the Arctic, so Stoney had a genuine adventure story to tell. He was amazed at the grandeur of the setting: magnificent scenery, deep gorges, rolling valleys, turbulent rivers, enormous waterfalls and the incredible variety of the mountains—"They appear every way and shape, there are rugged, weather-scared peaks, lofty manarets, high towers and rounded domes, with circular knobs, flat tops, serrated edges and smooth backbones." The lakes were filled with salmon, the largest reaching six feet long. Sheepish—which some gourmets say is the best-tasting fish in the world—were plentiful. The men lived on ptarmigan, rabbits, geese, ducks and 2,500 pounds of caribou meat, with fresh meat twice a week during the winter and every day in the spring.

Congress authorized the publication

continued

of Stoney's book (called *Naval Exploration in Alaska*), but then, as Stoney wrote laconically, "In some way the papers have mysteriously disappeared." They were never found.

In 1898 some 80,000 gold seekers arrived in Alaska, and 1,200 of these strayed into the upper Koyukuk region and the southern foothills of the Brooks Range. One prospector picked up a nugget worth \$660 on a creek that flowed into the North Fork of the Koyukuk. On nearby Howard Creek another prospector found a \$1,100 nugget. Half a dozen towns started on the edge of the mountain country, but the Brooks Range was never popular gold-hunting territory. Two towns survived, after a fashion. Wiseman, with a population of 80 in 1929, was down to five inhabitants last year. Bettles, at the junction of the John River and the Koyukuk, is now only a landing field.

There were places in Alaska where it was easier and more rewarding to search for gold, and conservationists never had reason to fear that the few miners who worked in the Brooks Range would damage its wilderness character. But Alaska's second gold rush—the one for oil—is a different matter. When Ernsig Howard managed to get through the mountains in 1886 he observed the natives using chunks of oil-soaked shale in their fires. Ernest de Koven Leffingwell, a 29-year-old geologist employed by the U.S. Geological Survey who explored the region around Prudhoe Bay in 1906 at his own expense, reported oil seepages. In 1913 another explorer, Jenness, noted in his diary a native's description of a strange lake of oil some distance inland. In 1917 one Sandy Smith actually found the lake, which turned out to be a large, above-ground oil seepage. By 1921 oil-company experts were examining the area. In all, nine places were discovered where gas was escaping or where oil was flowing from the earth. Secretary of the Interior Albert Fall, always interested in what happened in oil, noted that 50 applicants had been allocated 125,000 acres of public land for development.

But consider the date. In May 1921 Fall persuaded President Harding to transfer control of the Navy's three oil re-

serves (set aside to insure oil for warships in the event of future needs) from the Navy to the Interior Department, a move for which Harding might well have been impeached if he had lived. Fall then secretly leased one of the reserves, Teapot Dome in Wyoming, without competitive bidding. A month later he received \$198,000 as a payoff. By January 1923 his take had totaled \$400,000. One month later he had the coastal plain of Alaska set aside as Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4. The first three Navy oil reserves totaled only 78,000 acres, but the new one covered 20 million acres. "For years seepages of oil have been found all along the coast," Fall said blandly.

The executive order specified that Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 4 was to run from the northwestern extremity of Alaska, near Point Barrow, some 250 miles due south to "the crest of a range of mountains"—the Brooks Range had not been named in those days—that formed the watershed between rivers flowing to the Arctic and those flowing to the Pacific. The boundary then ran east for some 200 miles along the crest of said mountains to a certain unnamed mountain peak at latitude 67° 50' and longitude 156° 8'—it never has been named—and then north to the west bank of the Colville River, downstream to the coast and westward back to the point of beginning. This was 36,000 square miles in all—a tract a little bigger than Hungary—that included the area where oil was flowing above the ground. (Prudhoe Bay is a few miles east of the Colville River, just outside the boundary of the reserve.) Nobody knows what Fall planned to do with this immense new terrain, but before anyone could do anything with it the Teapot Dome scandal erupted. After numerous hearings and investigations Fall was brought to trial in 1929.

It was in the summer of that year that Robert Marshall, a 28-year-old forester, set out on the first of six trips to the Brooks Range which made those mountains famous. Marshall, a wealthy New Yorker working for his doctorate in plant physiology at Johns Hopkins University, wanted to study the northern limit of the tree line. He was muscular, raucy, high-spirited, energetic and clumsy, but he

knew something about mountains. His parents had a summer home in the Adirondacks, and as a boy Marshall climbed all of the 42 peaks in the Adirondacks that were more than 4,000 feet.

In Fairbanks, Marshall, with the help of the University of Alaska, found a guide, a Polish-born mining student named Al Retzlaf, but Retzlaf had never been in the Brooks Range either. The two newcomers to the territory then flew to Wiseman, rented the only two horses in town—probably the only two above the Arctic Circle—and headed north over the gray and green foothills for the central Brooks Range.

After a week they reached country that Marshall found more spectacular than the Rockies or the Sierras—and he knew the American wilderness as well as anyone. At the gorge of the Clear River—about five days north of Wiseman—where the stream races for 10 miles between canyon walls too narrow for passage, they climbed to a plateau a thousand feet above the rapids. Ten miles ahead they could see a monstrous tower of rock that Marshall named Mount Boreal. It rose straight up for 6,000 feet. Directly opposite it, across the narrow valley, was a jagged needle projection not quite as high that marked the gates of the Arctic. The main Brooks Range spread away endlessly east and west. "Every mountain was covered with snow, every peak showed a clear white edge set against pure blue. There was not a cloud in the sky," wrote Marshall.

Why, Marshall wondered, had no one written about this incredible land? He came to a valley more beautiful than any encountered so far, with a grassy floor and sheer stone walls that rose thousands of feet high (the headwaters of Erme Creek, on modern maps) where a river dropped 1,500 feet in waterfalls at the end. Retzlaf shot a grizzly there; Marshall drew maps, named mountains and photographed a landscape he was now sure surpassed the grandeur of Yellowstone or Yosemite.

Soon he came to the Arctic Divide, a limestone palisade a thousand feet high. Not far away he counted 13 great waterfalls in a single mile-and-a-half stretch, including one that crashed straight down

a thousand feet. The weather remained a comfortable 24°, the air sparkling clear. He climbed a peak he named Rumbling Mountain—he named 127 places in the Brooks Range—and found “the most impressive view of my life.” Along a sharp wall were 10 knife-edged ridges, each with a giant precipice, each rising thousands of feet above gorges and beyond them a green rolling valley like those of the Adirondacks, a panorama “of rivers unvisited by man, deep canyons and hanging valleys glimpsed from a distance but never explored, great mountains which no human being had ever ascended.”

Marshall now faced a dilemma, one that has burdened American conservationists ever since. He had to record the magnificent mountain world he had found. But if he did, his work might attract the tourists who would end the untouched wilderness character that made the range unique. He solved his problem by writing a book about his exploration, handsomely illustrated with his photographs, but he printed only a few copies. These he gave to his friends and to wilderness enthusiasts who could be counted on to recognize that the grandeur of the Brooks Range might be spoiled if too many people knew about it.

Marshall and Retzlaf returned to the mountains in the summer of 1930 for a longer trip that gave Marshall the material for a second book, likewise privately printed and so limited in circulation as to be almost secret. But Marshall also published a popular book. He spent 15 months in 1930 and 1931 in the town of Wiseman, where he wrote *Arctic Village*, a sociological study that became a best-seller and made him famous, but which, paradoxically, said nothing about the wonders of the Brooks Range that filled Marshall's two privately printed volumes. *Arctic Village* became a sensation in the U.S., but it was an even greater sensation in Wiseman, where it was said Marshall would be lynched if he ever came back to town.

Unpublicized though it was, the Brooks Range wilderness continued to exert profound influence on the U.S. conservation movement through Marshall, who, under Franklin Roosevelt, had au-

thority over outdoor recreation in 180 million acres of national forest land. He used that authority vigorously, principally to establish a system of wilderness and primitive areas in the national forests, setting aside 81 of those areas from which all forms of mechanization were forever barred.

Even more influential was Marshall's concept of a wilderness elite. “Only a small minority of the human race will ever consider primeval nature a basic source of happiness,” he wrote. “Quality as well as quantity must enter into any evaluation of competing types of recre-



Fall stuffed riches in the only range.

ation, because one really deep experience may be worth an infinite number of ordinary experiences.” Venturers into the wilderness were a superior class, he felt, because their self-testing gave them emotions that were intrinsically more valuable than the casual sightseeing of millions. And the Brooks Range was always, for him, the ultimate wilderness, the ultimate experience.

There is now a town called Anaktuvuk Pass (Zip Code 97721) right in the middle of the central Brooks Range, with 119 Eskimos, a schoolteacher and a Vista volunteer, a new schoolhouse and a gravel airstrip. One can take off from Fairbanks at 10 in the morning on Tuesday, Thursday or Saturday and fly north a few hundred miles across the broad, watery val-

ley of the Yukon to Bettles, 45 miles above the Arctic Circle. En route, it becomes dramatically apparent that the country just south of the Brooks Range is an unending expanse of low hills covered with shining yellow larches and dark stands of green-black Alaska spruce. There are no signs of human habitation, no roads. The only breaks in the forest are the shining still surfaces of winding rivers bordered with immense sandbars as level and empty as supermarket parking lots on a Sunday morning.

At Bettles there is a first glimpse of the mountains, incised on the northern horizon in white and steel-blue peaks. The seats are taken out of the plane in Bettles, and various necessities of life in Anaktuvuk Pass—plywood walls for shelters, bags of onions, cans of chili con carne—are strapped into the cabin. Leaving Bettles, the plane climbs high over John River. Bright sunlight strikes the tops of the mountains in all directions, and thin blue shadows below the peaks create an impression of a world of nothing but mountains, empty and geometrical, all tilted planes and angles. Any horizontal line gets bent, broken, crushed, upended; there are no flat places in this world.

Was Marshall right? Is the Brooks Range more awe-inspiring than Yellowstone or Yosemite? Well, yes. But in an unexpected way. For an hour or so we flew low over the John River, where 5,000-foot mountains on both sides block out the distant peaks. I could look out of either side of the plane and see extremely large chunks of very hard rock appallingly near. But the land beneath those forbidding stones is strikingly parklike and genial. It is the contrast between the gaunt, frozen peaks and the garden appearance of the little valleys that makes this mountain range unique, a mixture of overpowering strength and fragility, with constantly changing patterns instead of the uniform grandeur of the Rockies.

Even more meaningful, perhaps, is the solitude, which envelops everything in a shell of silence that makes the Brooks Range inspiring in a way that familiar places such as Yellowstone can never be again. So, in a sense, Marshall was right:

continued

these unexplored mountains are more impressive than the most famous of our national parks.

Almost any writer mentioning the Brooks Range stresses its strange combination of strength and vulnerability, of the harsh and the gentle. Commander John Reed, the director of the Arctic Institute, who was in charge of the Navy's exploration of Petroleum Reserve No. 4, observed how the region was easily scarred: "Vehicle tracks are likely to remain easily visible for years because of the slow recovery of tundra vegetation. Even winter tracks may long be visible because the compacted snow affects the following summer's growth."

The record goes back a long way. Ejnar Mikkelsen was a young Dane who borrowed money to go there with Leffingwell in 1906. In *Conquering the Arctic Ice* he described a trip into the eastern Brooks Range, where he camped in a forest of dwarf trees many years old but only shoulder high, where "the mountains were towering over our heads and the sound of falling water was the only noise in the great frozen country." Constance and Harmon Helmericks, the authors of *We Live in the Arctic*, spent 1945 in a cabin on the Alatra River, near where Lieutenant Stoney had lived 60 years before. They watched a herd of 100,000 caribou stream past, a holiday a day for a month. Lois Crisler, who wrote *Arctic Wild*, lived through the winter of 1957 on the Kilik River in a landscape where ancient birch trees grow only ankle high.

Most of them said the winters were livable. Some of them said they were enchanting. Mikkelsen wrote of winter darkness: "These days in the Arctic are the finest that man can see. The air is fresh, clean and bracing; we feel the joy of living so much we frisk about like puppies." Nicholas Gubser, a Yale scientist who lived through 1960 at Anaktuvuk Pass—he could not keep up his notes during the winter because he had to hunt to keep from starving—said that only at 40° below zero was he really cold.

But all the reports agree on one vital point: the Brooks Range is not only the greatest wilderness left, it is also the most fragile. Its thin land surface cracks like an eggshell. Nothing decays or sinks into

the earth. The healing underbrush and vines that soon hide a forest camp in the continental U.S. are absent: the campsite will remain visible forever. The tracks made by the Navy's exploring vehicles 25 years ago still crawl through the foothills, like the trail of some prehistoric monster which had dragged itself in from the sea. In many areas there are no trees to screen anything, an empty old drum is visible for miles and looks enormous. Along the big rivers are rushing streams that are called creeks—really good-sized rivers in their own right. "There are trails all along those creeks," wrote Donald Orth, a member of the U.S. Geological Survey crew that mapped the Brooks Range. "That doesn't mean that many people have walked along them, but if a couple of people do so, it makes a trail."

One gets to Anaktuvuk Pass on the plane from Fairbanks about 2:30 in the afternoon. The pass suddenly widens out to an expanse of level ground several miles wide, and to the north the terrain can be seen gradually curving down 2,200 feet to the Arctic Ocean 150 miles beyond. On this particular day caribou herds were coming through the pass; the advance bands had been seen the day before, somewhat behind schedule. Traditionally the hunters let the advance bands pass; otherwise the main herd may be frightened into following some unknown route a hundred miles away. Formerly they were hard to hunt because of the lack of cover, and a shot within 150 yards was rare. But now they are hunted in snowmobiles. The Eskimos ride into the main herd, shooting at close range like oldtime buffalo hunters, and a single hunt may—and hopefully will—supply a village with food for the winter.

This sounds like butchery but it is not. "There is no limit on caribou north of the Arctic Circle," says Robert Hinman, the district director of the Alaska Fish and Game Commission. "The herd is underharvested. Moose—no problem. Dall sheep—in specific areas there may be a decline, but not as a general condition. There are only about 25 guides who fly hunting parties into the mountains regularly or occasionally, perhaps a few more now, because the Alaska Range in the south is being heavily hunted and

guides there are flying some parties to the Brooks. Fishing is usually an adjunct to a hunting party. The oil-drilling crews do not hunt much, as a rule, but they fish a good deal. No, the thing that scares me is not the depletion of the wildlife, but the fact that the Brooks Range is such a fragile environment. Anything that is done there leaves a mark. Inevitably there is going to be some scarring of the landscape. The question is, how much can it be controlled and reduced?"

Yes, that is the question. The villagers in Anaktuvuk Pass are the last inland Eskimos left. They have been so often interviewed that they greet an incoming plane with a smiling readiness to answer questions; the white people they have met have been geologists, archaeologists, ethnologists, botanists, zoologists, limnologists, soil scientists and experts from the Arctic Institute. The Eskimos seem to feel that the outside world is composed of educated people concerned with Eskimo lore. Some of them, like Simon Peneak, have appeared in so many erudite books that they are intellectual figures and are called upon to correct manuscripts. But today there are a lot more visitors to Anaktuvuk Pass, and not just questioners. A boom is on. Eskimos are being trained to work on oil rigs, a pipeline is projected that will go through the pass to Prudhoe Bay and a winter road has been completed to the oilfields.

In the thin afternoon light, so uniformly blue and shadowless it seems as if the world has suddenly turned pale, Anaktuvuk Pass looks unreal. It is the last area in the world where one would expect that a major industrial development could cause concern. All that species—wild, virginal. But the facts are inescapable. If there were ever a place where progress and conservation come into direct confrontation it is the Brooks Range. For the first time in history the alternatives are absolute. There is an untouched wilderness on one hand and an enormous natural resource on the other. Industry has never before had such a clear opportunity to develop the resource and still preserve the wilderness. There are two causes to be served. Perhaps, with unusual thought and care, both can be served.

END

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

NOT FOOT

Sirs:

Please permit me to compliment **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** and John Underwood on the story of Adidas and Puma (*No Good Two-Shoes*, March 10). It was superbly researched, well-documented and beautifully presented.

If I may, I would like to make one point quite clear: my resignation from Adidas had nothing whatsoever to do with my attitude toward the firm. I hold Adidas and the Adi Dassler family in the highest esteem, and our relationship remains unchanged. It was regrettable that they were drawn into a deplorable situation not of their own making. For my part, however, the personal service given to the athletes (many had special shoes made to necessary requirements, while others simply wanted something different) and the continuing efforts to improve the shoes technically—areas in which I devoted a great deal of time—no longer mattered to the majority. Money was the only thing that did matter, and, if this wasn't bad enough, the bargaining and the playing of one firm against the other made a highly distasteful situation repugnant to me.

The sole blame must be laid squarely on the IAAF, which could have put a stop to this in Budapest two years before Mexico City. It was at the IAAF Congress there, following the European championships, that East German officials laid \$600 on the table in front of the Marquess of Exeter, president of the IAAF. This was the money paid to Jürgen Haise (\$500) and Jürgen May (\$100) by Puma. The body chose to sweep the affair under the carpet, donated the money to the International Red Cross and hoped that by ignoring it the matter would dissipate. The IAAF rejected a meeting requested by Adidas in Mexico before the Games, and since then Adrian Paules, president of the European Committee of the IAAF, has refused to see Horst Dassler, who traveled especially to Amsterdam to meet with him.

The IAAF is abdicating its responsibility, and it must agree to meet with the shoe manufacturers to resolve the question. An all-white neutral shoe will only create problems for those who least deserve them: the athletes.

DICK BARK

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

As U.S. distributor for Japanese Tiger track shoes, we consider ourselves the third and newest force in the U.S. track-shoe market. Our own experience went like this: we enjoyed our most prestigious moments just prior to the Mexico Olympics. Over 40%

of the distance men were training in our shoes at South Lake Tahoe, and many top athletes were wearing our spike shoes in meets. But by Mexico City the number had dropped sharply.

We were not surprised, as everyone close to track and field was aware of the situation as you described it, and we were certainly not in a position to compete with \$100,000 in payoffs. Unfortunately, the AAU and IAAF have chosen to "look the other way." In our eyes this amounts to tacit approval, and the controversy rages around our company whether to swallow our ethics and compete (albeit on a scale smaller than \$100,000), or to continue to let the competition claim "85%" of the medals.

If your story on the scandal forces U.S. officials to rethink their nonpolicy on track and field payoffs, you will have done a great service not only to smaller track-shoe distributors, such as we are, who have difficulty competing with payoffs of \$100,000, but also to the much-loved sport of track and field, which has grown tainted from the dirty business of payoffs, and to the high school trackmen across the country who must ultimately pay the \$100,000 in higher shoe prices.

PHILIP H. KNOCH
President
Blue Ribbon Sports

Portland, Ore.

Sirs:

My background in track is that of a so-so high school sprinter who earned a varsity letter and a deep-rooted love for this sport. At present I am a Marist Brother teaching and coaching freshman track at St. Mary's High School in Mahanesset, N.Y. and trying to develop runners with a true dedication to this sport. Your article has damaged the great dignity which I felt has surrounded track and field competition.

To me, track is the one sport that can develop an awkward, seemingly unathletic boy into a person with a fine sense of accomplishment, with confidence in himself and his athletic skill. It has always been a sport where the reward was not what you could get out of it, but what dimension it could add to your life, in helping the whole man to emerge.

But your article has shown that people whom I have held up as examples to emulate are involved in a very messy, disgusting practice. It has shown that track is getting to be a business, where athletic competition and talent are bartered away for a price, and a grand spectacle like the Olympics has become merely a backdrop for vendors hawkling their wares and then express-

ing horror in the Frankenstein's monster they have created.

BROTHER JOSEPH F. OLIVET F.M.S.
Mahanesset, N.Y.

Sirs:

I believe your article on the Olympic Games payoffs will force the International Amateur Athletic Federation to take corrective action in redefining amateurism. IAAF Rule 53 (iv) states that "any person who receives, directly or indirectly, any compensation for using or recommending the use of any merchandise... is ineligible to take part in amateur competitions." If this rule is enforced, only four of the gold medal winners in track and field competition will be eligible for the 1968 track program.

Since Bill Toomey is one of the athletes who did not receive payoffs, his statement concerning "shamateurism" carries special significance.

Congratulations to John Underwood and Anita Verschell for a journalistic masterpiece.

CHARTER TENNER

Chairman, Men's Track and Field Committee,
Southern Pacific Assoc. of the AAU
San Pedro, Calif.

Sirs:

Leave it to a pair of leading "shoemakers" to further foul up the ideals of amateurism. This corner has nothing but contempt for the unholy competition that created the shoe scandal so ably covered in your article. This stupid vendetta mocks amateur athletics and presents officials with a dilemma too hot to handle: an example of the far-reaching effects of hatred.

BARNEY BERLINGER
President
Quaker City Gear Works
Huntingdon Valley, Pa.

● For those readers who may not be old enough to remember, Barney Berlinger was the Sullivan Award winner in 1931 and the national AAU decathlon champion of 1933.—ED

Sirs:

You had about John Underwood's feature story *No Good Two-Shoes*. It furthers the general impression abroad in the land that everything and everybody is for sale. Amid the facts, not to mention the many fancies which the piece contains, there is left the distinct impression that all athletes wear only the shoes of the highest bidder with no regard whatsoever for any other deciding factors such as quality or performance.

continued

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19TH HOLE continued

ance. Though this may be true in the limited area in which the two manufacturers mentioned operated, it is far, far from a general truth. Most pros wear what they want regardless of what they may honestly endorse as "O.K.," and high school and college athletes, and other great athletes across the country and around the world, pretty much follow suit. I think it would be fair to say that few of them have kicked off their favorite soles, or sold their souls either. Despite all the machinations in Mexico City disclosed by SI, there were plenty of Goody Two-Shoes there—many more Goody than No Goody.

HENRY A. REEVES
Director, Advertising and Sales Promotion
Converse Rubber Company
Malden, Mass

Sirs:
Congratulations to the artist who designed the cover for the March 10 issue. He is a genius. That one photograph summed up the whole article.

MADLINE T. GRACE
Brooklyn

Sirs:
I'm curious to know where you obtained the old half-dollars used on the March 10 cover. I'm sure you know they are quite valuable, as they are all silver.

STEVE LOVELESS
Wilmington, Del.

● The coins are silver dollars, not half-dollars, and there are 753 (or 40 pounds) of them, each one valued at \$2.50. They were rented by Photographer Philip Leonian for the SI cover photograph from the Coin-Messer Co., a New York coin dealer.—ED.

RENEWING THE OLD
Sirs:

My congratulations for William Leggett's article and Michael Ramsus' illustrations (*Golden Days that Sustain the Dream*, March 10). Again SI has come up with an authentic description of the good old game of baseball. With all of the bad publicity baseball has been getting recently, it is great to know how spring training is progressing—that's real baseball.

BRUCE SEVERANCE
South Kent, Conn.

Sirs:
Way to go, SI. You've really done good this time. I've lived in Clearwater, Fla. for a good while and have always looked forward to Phillies exhibition games. Not two hours before I saw your March 10 issue I had seen to a Phillies-Reds exhibition game. I saw Lee May put one over the left-field

sign your artist drew. Right there in front of my eyes was the same scene, pictured on paper, that I had just seen "live." And on the next pages your artist pictured our own Jack Russell Stadium to a "T." The batting cage is the same, and you even have two little boys sitting out on the wall where they watch the games for free. I am proud that you picked good old Clearwater to represent spring training.

SCOTT STEWART
Clearwater, Fla.

STOOP TO CONQUER?
Sirs:

Regarding your article on Vince Lombardi (*Arananaranaragi!* March 3), I regret to see aggrandized a man who has broken a contract, who has assumed, to the displeasure of an organization, that his friends would release him from his contract in spite of having allowed him to do almost consistently what he wanted to do. I liked Mr. Lombardi. Without question he is an unusual and a great man. I do not like a man breaking his word and taking advantage of friends.

F. M. YOUNG
Ridge, Wis.

Sirs:
Fen, vid, Vince Lombardi.
JACK FRANEY
Marquette, Mich.

MORE THAN PROMISES
Sirs:

May I suggest that the tale of Bob Oton's excellent article on the skating at Squaw Valley and the figure skating at Colorado Springs (*Promises, Promises—and More*, March 10) might be appropriate if the word "promises" were given secondary rather than primary emphasis. The men's figure-skating championship at Colorado Springs was won for the first time in 10 years by an American. Tim Wood, after a near-perfect performance in the delicate tracing of the compulsory figures, put on a dazzlingly dramatic free-skating program, so boldly executed that three of the judges awarded him perfect marks, "a performance," to quote Oton, "that rendered adherents of that sport speechless." His entire performance was almost flawless and puts Wood on a par with—if not ahead of—the best of his predecessors. So, as a title more befitting the performances of Billy Kidd and the others at Squaw Valley and of champion Tim Wood et al. at Colorado Springs, I beg to suggest *Achievement—and Promises, Promises*.

G.M.W. KORRE
New York City

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Dodge



Mother warned me...

that there would be men like you driving cars like that. Do you really think you can get to me with that long, low, tough machine you just rolled up in? Ha! If you think a girl with real values is impressed by your air conditioning and

stereo . . . a 440 Magnum, whatever that is . . . well—it takes more than cushy bucket seats to make me flip. Charger R/T SE. Sounds like alphabet soup. Frankly, I'm attracted to you because you have a very intelligent face. My name's Julia.

Join the fun . . . catch
DODGE fever